

# THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 1610.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1858.

PRICE  
FOURPENCE  
Stamped Edition, 5d.

**BRITISH ASSOCIATION for the ADVANCEMENT of SCIENCE.**—THE NEXT MEETING will be held at LEEDS, commencing on WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1858, under the Presidency of RICHARD OWEN, M.D. D.C.L. V.P.R.S. The Reception Room will be in the Town Hall. Notices of Communications intended to be read to the Association, accompanied by a statement whether or not the Author will be present at the meeting, may be addressed to John Phillips, M.A. LL.D. F.R.S., Assistant General Secretary, Magdalen Bridge, Oxford; or to the Rev. Thomas Huxley, Thomas Wilson, Esq., and W. Ayton Ward, Esq., Local Secretaries, Leeds. JOHN TAYLOR, F.R.S., General Treasurer. 6, Queen-street-place. Upper Thames-street, London.

**KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.**—The PROSPECTUS for the Academic Year, commencing October 1, 1858, containing information about the several Departments of Theology, General Literature, Medicine, Applied Sciences, and Military Science, the School and the Evening Classes, is now ready, and will be sent on application to J. W. CUNNINGHAM, Esq., King's College, London, W.C.

**GOVERNMENT SCHOOL of MINES, and of SCIENCE APPLIED TO THE ARTS.**

*Director.*  
SIR RODERICK IMPEY MURCHISON, D.C.L. M.A. F.R.S. &c.

During the SESSION 1858-59, which will COMMENCE on the 4th of OCTOBER, the following COURSES of LECTURES and PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATIONS will be given:—

1. Chemistry. By A. W. Hofmann, LL.D. F.R.S. &c.
2. Metallurgy. By John Percy, M.D. F.R.S.
3. Natural History. By T. H. Huxley, F.R.S.
4. Mineralogy. By Warrington W. Smyth, M.A. F.R.S.
5. Mining. By A. C. Ramay, F.R.S.
6. Geology. By A. C. Ramay, F.R.S.
7. Applied Mechanics. By Robert Willis, M.A. F.R.S.
8. Physics. By G. Stokes, Esq., F.R.S.

Instruction in Mechanical Drawing, by Mr. Binns.

The fee for Matriculated Students (exclusive of the Laboratory fees) is 30s. in one sum, on entrance, or two annual payments of 15s.

Pupils are received in the Royal College of Chemistry (the Laboratory of the School), under the direction of Dr. Hofmann, at a fee of 10s. for the term of three months. The same fee is charged in the Metallurgical Laboratory, under the direction of Dr. Percy. Tickets to separate courses of Lectures are issued at 1s. 10s. and 2s. each. Officers in the Queen's or the East India Company's service, Her Majesty's Engineers, Mining Agents and Managers, may obtain tickets at reduced charges.

Certificated Schoolmasters, Pupils-Teachers, and others engaged in Education, are also admitted to the Lectures at reduced fees.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has granted two Exhibitions, and others have also been established.

For prospectuses and information apply at the Museum of Practical Geology, Jernyn-street, London.

TRENHAM REEKS, Registrar.

**SCIENCE and ART DEPARTMENT of the COMMITTEE of COUNCIL on EDUCATION, South Kensington.**

*Rules for Admission to the Training School at South Kensington.*

This School is established for the purpose of training Art Masters and Mistresses for the United Kingdom; but general Students are admitted to the advantages of the School on payment of commensurate fees. In order to encourage the Students in the prosecution of their studies, the following regulations have been adopted:—

1. General Students, so long as there is room, are admitted on payment of a fee of 4s. for session of five months, for the day and evening classes, or of 2s. for the day class, for the morning session commencing on the 1st of March and the 1st of October, and end on the 31st of July and the 31st of February, respectively (see Prospectus).

2. General Students who have paid fees for the two Sessions are entitled, on passing the whole of the Second Grade Examinations, to an admission to their class for one year, at a remission of half the usual fee. They are entitled to a continuance of the same privilege for a second year, if they have obtained a medal or passed during the first year of the remission of the fee any two of the papers in the First Certificate for Masters, and, by passing the remaining papers during the second year, they become eligible to the privileges stated in paragraph 3.

3. Other general Students who have paid fees are entitled, on passing satisfactory examinations in any three of the subjects of the First Certificate, to free admission, which will last for one year, and is renewable if the first Certificate be fully taken within that time. Students will continue free of the School provided a local Medal is taken annually.

*As respects Students in Training:—*

4. Students proposing to qualify themselves as Teachers of Art-Schools, who are personally capable, and have given satisfactory proof of the possession of general knowledge, are admitted free upon the submission of works in Geometry, Perspective, Freehand Drawing, Drawing from nature of plants or foliage, and Drawing from Models, approved by the Head-Master; or, in lieu of these, some more advanced studies of Drawing from the antique, or Painting. They are eligible to receive weekly allowances, according to their progress in the School, and the Certificates obtained, of 5s., 10s., 15s., 20s., or 30s., in return for which they have to perform certain duties as Teachers, and must engage to accept the obligations to which they are recommended.

All personal applications for admission to the School (whether by payment or otherwise) are to be made to the Head-Master. All written communications are to be sent to the Secretary of the Science and Art Department (marked for the Head-Master), South Kensington, London, W.

HENRY COLE, Secretary.  
By order of the Committee of Council on Education.

**THE GOVERNESSES' INSTITUTION, 34, Soho-square.**—Mrs. WAGHORN, who has resided many years abroad, respectfully invites the attention of the Nobility, Gentry, and Principals of Schools to her Register of English and Foreign GOVERNESSES, TEACHERS, COMPANIONS, TUTORS, and PROFESSORS of French, German, Italian, and Spanish. Pupils introduced in England, France, and Germany. No charge to Principals.

## UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

*Under the Government of the Council of the College.*  
Head-Master—THOMAS HEWITT KEY, A.M.

The SCHOOL will RE-OPEN on TUESDAY, Sept. 21st, for new Pupils. All the Boys must appear in their places without fail on WEDNESDAY, the 22nd, at a quarter past Nine o'clock. The Session is divided into three Terms, viz. from the 21st of September to Christmas, from Christmas to Easter, and from Easter to the 1st of August.

The Yearly Payment for each Pupil is 12s., of which 6s. is paid in advance in each Term. The hours of attendance are from a Quarter past Nine to Three-quarters past Three o'clock. The Afternoons of Wednesdays and Saturdays are devoted exclusively to Drawing.

The subjects taught are—Reading, Writing, the English, Latin, Greek, French, and German Languages—Ancient and English History—Geography, Physical and Political—Arithmetic and Book-keeping—the Elements of Mathematics, Chemistry, and Natural Philosophy—Social Science, Gymnastics, Fencing, and Drawing.

Any Pupil may omit Greek, or Greek and Latin, and devote his whole attention to the other branches of Education. There is a General Examination of the Pupils at the end of the Session, and the Prizes are then given.

At the end of each of the first two Terms, there are short Examinations, which are held in the General Examination. No absence by a Boy from any one of the Examinations of his Classes is permitted, except for reasons submitted to and approved by the Head-Master.

The discipline of the School is maintained without corporal punishment. A Monthly Report of the conduct of each Pupil is sent to his Parent or Guardian.

Further particulars may be obtained at the Office of the College.

## UNIVERSITY OF ST. ANDREWS.

**UNITED COLLEGE of ST. SALVATOR AND ST. LEONARD.**

The CLASSES in this College will OPEN on THURSDAY, the 4th of November, at 12 o'clock, when Principal SIR DAVID BREWSTER will deliver an Introductory Address.

SIR DAVID BREWSTER, K.H. &c. &c. Principal.

*Professors.*  
Latin—J. C. Sharpe, M.A. Oxon. Assistant to W. Pryor, LL.D. Greek—W. J. Selar, M.A. Oxon. Assistant to Andrew Alex.

Mathematics—J. Couch Adams, M.A. Cantab. F.R.S. Logic and Rhetoric—W. Spalding, M.A.

Moral Philosophy and Natural Philosophy—J. F. Ferrier, LL.D. Experimental Physics and Natural Philosophy—W. L. F. Fischer, M.A. Cantab. F.R.S.

Chemistry—M. Foster Heddle, M.D. Assistant to Arthur Connell, F.R.S. &c. &c.

Human and Comparative Anatomy and Physiology—G. E. Day, M.D. F.R.S.

Civil History—W. Macdonald, M.D. F.R.S.E.

**DIVINITY OR ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.**

The CLASSES will OPEN on THURSDAY, the 18th of November.

The Very Rev. JOHN TULLOCH, D.D. Principal.

*Professors.*  
Principal and Primarius Professor of Divinity—John Tulloch, D.D.

Second Master and Professor of Divinity—William Brown, D.D. Ecclesiastical History—George Bulst, D.D.

Oriental Languages—A. F. Mitchell, A.M.

A considerable number of Bursaries, tenable for four years, are attached to both Colleges, and are open to competition; and Prizes are awarded in each of the Classes at the end of the Session.

Some of the Professors receive the Students to reside with them, and the Secretaries can afford information regarding Board, Lodgings, or any matter connected with the Colleges.

W. F. IRLELAND, Secretary to the United College. STUART GRACE, Secretary to St. Mary's College.

St. Andrews, September 2, 1858.

## QUEEN'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1853, for the General Education of Ladies and for granting Certificates of Knowledge.

*Visitor.*—The Lord Bishop of London.

*Principal and Chairman of the Committee of Education.*—The Very Rev. the Dean of Westminster.

*Lady Resident.*—Miss Farry.

The MICHAELMAS TERM will COMMENCE on MONDAY, October 4.

The PREPARATORY CLASS for Pupils under Thirteen will OPEN on MONDAY, September 22.

Pupils are received as Boarders within the walls of the College, by Mrs. Williams, under the sanction of the Council and Committee.

Prospectuses, containing full particulars as to Classes, Fees, Scholarships, and Examinations, may be had on application to Mrs. Williams at the College Office.

The Annual Report of the Council and Committee of Education is printed, and may be had on application.

E. H. PLUMPTRE, M.A., Dean.

## MANCHESTER NEW COLLEGE, in connection with the UNIVERSITY of LONDON, and UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, London, University Hall, Gordon-square, London.

*Professors.*  
Rev. John James Taylor, B.A. Principal, and Professor of Biblical and Historical Theology, with the Truths and Evidences of Christianity.

Rev. James Martineau, Professor of Mental, Moral and Religious Philosophy.

Russell Martineau, Esq. M.A. Lecturer on the Hebrew Language and Literature.

**SCHEME OF STUDIES.**

The entire course of a Student embraces six years, viz. three Undergraduate succeeded by three Theological years.

The proficiency of every Student in the subjects on which he has attended Classes, either in University College or in Manchester New College, is periodically tested by examinations, held by the Professors, or other Examiners appointed by the Committee of the last-named College, at the end of every term, and a public examination at the close of the Session.

*Undergraduate Period.*  
During this period the Student is chiefly engaged in the Classes of University College, in Greek, Latin and Mathematics, or Natural Philosophy. If he be on the Foundation, Manchester New College, the fees for these courses are small, and do not encourage him to disperse his attention over more. Should he intend to graduate, he is expected to matriculate in the University of London not later than the end of his first year, and to take the degree of B.A. by the end of the third, so as to bring an undivided interest to the studies of his Theological period.

The discipline of this preparatory period is mainly subsidiary to the Classes of University College, and to the examinations in prospect for Matriculation and Graduation.

*Theological Period.*  
The College, now mainly a Theological Institution, adheres to its original principle of freely imparting theological knowledge, without insisting on the adoption of particular Theological doctrines.

Should any Student wish during his Theological years to attend any of the general Classes of University College, he may do so with the sanction of the Principal, but at his own cost.

**THEOLOGICAL and PHILOLOGICAL COURSE.**

- (a). Christian Truths and Evidences.
- (b). Christian Institutions—Practical and Pastoral Theology.
- (c). Ecclesiastical History. To Gregory VII.
- (d). Old Testament. Hebrew History and Antiquities—History of Hebrew Canon, and of the Septuagint—Historical Books—"The Law"—"The Prophets"—Critical Examination of Messianic Passages: Systematic Reading of the Septuagint.
- (e). Modern Languages and Literature—Systematic, Philological, and Literary Training—Reading and Lectures.
- (f). New Testament. Introduction to Criticism and Interpretation—Three First Gospels—The Epistles and Acts of the Apostles, and the Writings of John (Gospel, Epistles, Apocalypse), with special introduction to each of these three Sections.
- (g). Weekly Exercises in Eloquence and Composition.

**PHILOSOPHICAL COURSE.**

- (a). Intellectual Philosophy.
- (b). Moral Philosophy.
- (c). Religious Philosophy.
- (d). History of Christian Doctrine.
- (e). Regular Greek and Latin Reading.

The College Session commences on the first Friday in October. The Classes are open to the public on payment of the regular fee. Candidates for admission on the Foundation are requested to send in their applications and certificates, with as little delay as practicable, to either of the Secretaries, from whom full particulars may be obtained.

R. D. DARBISHIRE, 21, Brown-street, Manchester.

CHARLES BEARD, Gee Cross, near Secretaries.

Manchester, September, 1858.

## MANCHESTER NEW COLLEGE, in connection with the UNIVERSITY of LONDON, and UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, London, University Hall, Gordon-square, London.

**THE AINSWORTH SCHOLARSHIP.**

The Committee of Manchester New College offer to those of its Students who shall obtain a Gold Medal in the M.A. Examination at London University, a SCHOLARSHIP of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS. Competitors for this Scholarship must graduate as Students of Manchester New College either on taking their Bachelor's or Master's Degree. If the former, they must have previously spent not less than two years at Manchester New College; if the latter, not less than one year.

The Ainsworth Scholarship is open to any Lay Student of University College who has previously enrolled himself as a Student of Manchester New College, gone through his Undergraduate course under the direction of the Principal of that College, and attended the classes for religious and ethical instruction which it provides for its Lay Students. Subject to these limitations, the Scholarship is open to every Gold Medalist at the Examination for the Master's Degree in any one of the branches of Classical Science, or Philosophy.

Payment will be made to successful competitors in two yearly payments of Fifty Pounds. The Scholarship will be continued until notice to the contrary is given. Two years' notice will be given previous to its withdrawal.

Further particulars respecting the Scholarship and the plans of study at Manchester New College may be obtained on application to R. D. Darbishire, Esq. B.A., one of the Secretaries of the College, 21, Brown-street, Manchester, or to the Rev. J. J. Taylor, B.A., Principal of the College, at University Hall, Gordon-square, London.

September, 1858.

## THE NEWSPAPER and PERIODICAL PRESS ASSOCIATION for OBTAINING the REFUND of the PAPER DUTY.

*President.*—The Right Hon. T. MILNER GIBSON, M.P.

*Chairman of Committee.*—Mr. CASSELL.

*Treasurer.*—Mr. FRANCIS.

*Honorary Secretary.*—Mr. VIZETELLY.

All communications to be addressed Peck's Coffee House, Fleet-street, E.C.



## MEETING of the BRITISH ASSOCIATION in LEEDS.

WELLINGTON HALL, WEST BAR, in connection with the SCARBOROUGH HOTEL.

During the above Meeting, the Wellington Hall, capable of seating six hundred persons, will be OPENED as a PUBLIC REFRESHMENT ROOM.

BRICKFASTS will be supplied from Eight to Eleven o'clock, at 3s. per head, with cold meats, &c. &c. and cold beer.

LUNCHEONS and DINNERS from Eleven to Six o'clock, with every delicacy of the season, at 2s. per head.

TEAS, SUPPERS, &c. from Six during the rest of the Evening, at 3s. per head.

MR. FLEISCHMANN, in making this arrangement, hopes to meet with the support of parties visiting Leeds for the day, and also those occupying private lodgings, assuring them they will find every accommodation, and the arrangements will be carried out in a first-class manner.

N.B. Parties requiring Hotel accommodation will please make early application to MR. FLEISCHMANN, Scarborough Hotel, Leeds.

## EDINBURGH ACADEMY.

Incorporated by Royal Charter, 8th Geo. IV.

THE NEXT SESSION of the EDINBURGH ACADEMY will commence on FRIDAY, 1st October, at Ten o'clock, when MR. THOMPSON will OPEN the FIRST or JUNIOR CLASS.

On Wednesday the 29th, and Thursday the 30th September, attendance will be given at the Academy, from Twelve to Three o'clock, for the enrolment of New Pupils. Any additional information may be obtained from Mr. Paterson, Clerk to the Directors, No. 31, St. Andrew-square, Edinburgh.

(See also Advertisement in this Paper of 10th of July.)

BOARDERS.—The Rector, 63, Great King-street; Mr. Thompson, 3, Brandon-street; Mr. Macdonald, 1, Brandon-street; Mr. the Hon. J. A. Comely Bank; and Mr. Scougall, 18, Saxe Coburg-place.

## OWENS COLLEGE, MANCHESTER, (in connection with the UNIVERSITY OF LONDON).

SESSION 1858-9.

The College WILL OPEN for the session on MONDAY, the 4th of October next. The Session will terminate in July, 1859.

Principal—J. G. GREENWOOD, B.A.

Courses of Instruction will be given in the following departments, viz.:—Languages and Literature of Greece and Rome—Comparative Grammar, English Language and Literature—Logic, Mental and Moral Philosophy—Mathematics and Natural Philosophy—History—Jurisprudence—Political Economy—Chemistry, Elementary, Analytical, and Practical—Natural History (for this Session, Anatomy and Physiology of Man and of the Animal Kingdom)—and French and German Languages and Literature.

Evening Classes for Persons not attending the College as Students.—The Evening Classes have been extended, so as to include the following subjects of instruction, viz., English Language, Logic, Classics, Mathematics, History, Jurisprudence, Political Economy, Chemistry, Natural History, French and German.

ADDITIONAL LECTURES on WHICH the ATTENDANCE is OPTIONAL AND WITHOUT FEE, viz.:—On the Greek of the New Testament, On the Hebrew of the Old Testament. On the Relations of Religion to the Life of the Scholar.

SCHOLARSHIPS AND PRIZES.

The following Scholarships and Prizes have been founded for competition by Students of the Owens College, viz.:—The Victoria Scholarship for competition in Classical Learning; annual value 30*l.*, tenable for two years.

The Wellington Scholarship for competition in the critical knowledge of the Greek of the New Testament; annual value 20*l.*, tenable for one year.

The Dalton Scholarship, viz., two Scholarships in Chemistry, annual value 50*l.* each, tenable for two years; two Scholarships in Mathematics, annual value 50*l.* each, tenable for not more than two years.

Dalton Prizes in Chemistry are also intended to be offered. The Dalton Prizes in Natural History, value 15*l.* annually. Dinner will be provided within the College walls for such as may desire it.

Further particulars will be found in a Prospectus, which may be had from Mr. Nicholson, at the College, Quay-street, Manchester.

J. G. GREENWOOD, B.A., Principal.

JOHN P. ASTON, Solicitor and Secretary to the Trustees. St. James's Chambers, South King-street, Manchester.

## QUEENWOOD COLLEGE,

Near STOCKBRIDGE, HANTS.

DUNBRIDGE STATION, SALISBURY BRANCH, S.W.R.

GEORGE EDMONDSON—Principal.

Natural Philosophy and Mathematics—Fred. R. Smith, LL.D. Chemistry—Dr. Henry Debus, late Assistant in the Laboratory of Prof. Bunsen, and Chemical Lecturer in the University of Marburg.

Classics and History—Daniel Hughes, M.A. Jesus Coll. Oxford. Modern Languages and Foreign Literature—Mr. John Haas, from M. de Fallenberg's Institution, Hofwy, Switzerland.

Practical Surveying, Levelling, &c.—Mr. Richard P. Wright. Drawing—Mr. Richard P. Wright. English—Mr. Daniel R. Brightwell. English—Mr. William R. Trevelyan. Music—Mr. William Cornwall.

TERMS.

For Boys under twelve years of age ..... 42*l.* per annum.  
" above twelve and under fifteen ..... 55*l.*  
" above fifteen ..... 65*l.*  
Landreus and Semptreus 3*l.* per annum extra (except in the case of two or more Pupils from the same family, when this charge is omitted).

## QUEEN'S COLLEGE INSTITUTION FOR LADIES,

TUFFNELL PARK, CAMDEN-ROAD, LONDON.

This long established College for LADY BOARDERS WILL RE-OPEN on the 14th Sept. for the Term, continuing till Christmas. The House and Premises are unsurpassed, and the staff of Professors, Masters, and Governesses is complete.

For Prospectus, with List of Clergy-Patrons and Lady-Patronesses, address Mrs. Mount, Lady Principal, at the College, or (till the beginning of the second week in September), at 2, Doun-place, Dover.

Terms for Board, Residence, and usual Course of Studies:—  
Upper School ..... 50*l.* guineas per annum.  
Middle School ..... 40*l.*  
Elementary School ..... 35*l.*  
Private Bedroom, 9*l.* guineas extra.

## WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL SCHOOL OF MEDICINE, BROAD SANCTUARY, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

SESSION 1858-9.

The Westminster Hospital was instituted A.D. 1719, and incorporated by Act of Parliament A.D. 1836. It contains 175 Beds, and affords relief to about 20,000 Out-Patients annually.

THE SESSION will COMMENCE on FRIDAY, the 1st of OCTOBER, 1858, at 8 P.M. Address, by Dr. FREDERIC BIRD, at 8 P.M.

Hospital Practice. Physicians—Dr. Bauman, Dr. Finchem, Dr. Radcliffe. Assistant Physicians—Dr. Marston, Dr. Reynolds. Surgeons—Mr. Bernard Holt, Mr. Brooke, Mr. Holthouse. Assistant Surgeons—Mr. Hillman, Mr. Power. Surgeon-Dentist—Mr. Clendon.

Lectures. WINTER TERM—Commencing Oct. 1, terminating March 31. Descriptive and Surgical Anatomy—Mr. Holthouse. Practical Anatomy—Mr. Christopher Heath. Dental Surgery—Mr. Clendon. Chemistry—Dr. Marston, F.R.S. Surgery—Mr. Bernard Holt and Mr. Brooke, M.A. F.R.S. Physiology and Physiological Anatomy—Mr. Hillman. Medicine—Dr. Bauman.

SUMMER TERM—Commencing May 1, terminating July 31. Botany—Mr. Ryne, F.L.S. Comparative Anatomy and Zoology—Mr. Pittard. Natural Philosophy—Mr. Brooke, M.A. F.R.S. Materia Medica and Therapeutics—Dr. Radcliffe. Forensic Medicine—Dr. Finchem and Dr. Marston, F.R.S. Practical Chemistry—Dr. Marston, F.R.S. Midwifery—Dr. Clendon.

CLINICAL LECTURES.—In addition to the instruction given by all the Medical Officers during their visits, Courses of Lectures on Clinical Medicine and Surgery, in accordance with the new regulations of the Examining Boards, will be delivered during the Winter and Summer Terms, by the Physicians and Surgeons.

Clinical Assistants, Physicians' Clerks, and Surgeons' Dressers, are selected from the qualified Students, without additional Fee.

Any period of Hospital Practice, or any Course of Lectures, may be separately attended.

The Entire Course of Study (including Hospital Practice and Lectures) required by the Colleges of Surgeons and the Society of Apothecaries, may be attended on payment of Seventy Guineas.

Further information may be obtained on application to F. J. WILSON, Secretary to the Hospital.

13, CLIFTON-GARDENS, MAIDA-HILL, (removed from St. Mary's-terrace.)

## LADIES' SELECT CLASSES—not more than Twelve in each Class.

Principals.

SIGNOR and SIGNORA G. CAMPANELLA (née Lindley).

Vocal Music and Italian—Signor G. Campanella. Piano—Sterndale Bennett and Miss Van der Perrin. Landscape Painting—David Cox. Drawing—Signora Campanella. French—Mons. Bouquet. German—Herr Kockmüller.

English Language and Literature—Signora Campanella. History—Signor G. Campanella. The Classes RE-COMMENCE, after the Holidays, the FIRST WEEK in OCTOBER—Communications respecting Lessons in the Classes, or in Schools or Families, may be addressed to Signor G. CAMPANELLA, at his Residence, 13, Clifton-garden.

## WEST CENTRAL COLLEGIATE SCHOOL,

for GIRLS, 44, GREAT ORMOND-STREET, BLOOMSBURY, will RE-OPEN on WEDNESDAY, September 24th, for the Michaelmas Term—Applications may be made up to 1 o'clock, at the School-rooms, on the 6th and 7th of Sept. Mrs. Lady Superintendent.

KENSINGTON HALL COLLEGIATE INSTITUTION FOR LADIES, NORTH-END, FULHAM.

Lady Superintendent—MRS. JOHNSON.

Director of Education—MR. JOHNSON. The object of this Institution is to afford Resident Pupils with a complete and systematic Course of Education and Instruction, upon a plan that combines the advantages of a School and a College; with more attention to individual peculiarities, and to the useful as well as the elegant requirements of after-life. The Lecture arrangements include Courses of English Literature, Mental Philosophy, Natural History, Natural Philosophy, and the application of Science to Education, Domestic Economy, and the Preservation of Health.

The next term begins Sept. 13, and ends Dec. 15.

## CITY OF LONDON SCHOOL,

Milk-street, Cheap-side.

Established and Endowed by Act of Parliament, and under the Management of the Corporation of London.

Head-Master—The Rev. GEORGE F. W. MORTIMER, D.D., of Queen's College, Oxford.

THE ENSUING TERM (extending to Christmas) will COMMENCE on TUESDAY, September 7. The year is divided into three Terms. Fee for each Term, 1*l.* 10*s.*

The Course of Instruction includes the English, French, German, Latin, and Greek Languages, Mathematics, Arithmetic, Writing, Bookkeeping, Geography, History, Drawing, the Elements of Chemistry, Natural Philosophy, and Vocal Music.

Persons desirous of entering their Sons as Pupils may obtain Prospectuses of the School, containing also particulars of the Scholarships, exhibitions to the Universities, and other advantages attached to it, at the School, between the hours of 10 and 4. Some of the Masters receive Boarders.

THOMAS BREWER, Secretary.

## LADIES' COLLEGE, THE WOODLANDS, Union-road, Clapham Rise.

On WEDNESDAY, September 15, the CLASSES WILL RE-FORMED for French, German, Italian, History, Mathematics, English Literature, Drawing, Music, &c.

The Lectures on Botany and Chemistry will be resumed in October.

## UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.—

MR. and MRS. R. H. CLARKE, 20, OAKLEY-SQUARE, N.W.—A few Gentlemen studying at the College ACCOMMODATED WITH RESIDENCE, &c.—References: The Rev. J. C. Harrison, Park Church, Camden Town; J. J. Garth Wilkinson, M.D., 4, St. John's Villa, Finchley-road; and James Walton, Esq., 25, Upper Gower-street, W.C.

## SUPERIOR EDUCATION for the Daughters of GENTLEMEN.—A Lady of Experience RECEIVES a LIMITED NUMBER of PUPILS. Professors of Eminence attend for Accomplishments, Foreign Languages, and the higher branches of English Literature. Terms apply, by letter or personally, 18, Kensington Park-garden, W.

## TO THE HEADS of SCHOOLS and COLLEGES.—MR. FAHEY, who has taken the highest honours in the Military Colleges of Woolwich, Combe, &c., having arranged a Course of Lectures upon Fortification, and other subjects, required in the Military Colleges and Public Competitions, 15 OAKLEY-SQUARE, N.W., commencing in September next.—Address, 28, Drayton-grove, Old Brompton, S.W.

Private Lessons as before can be taken separately.

## STOCKWELL PROPRIETARY GRAMMAR SCHOOL.—Education for the Universities, Professions, Civil Service, or any department of Public Life. Head-Master, the Rev. J. S. WARREN, M.A., to whom applications with regard to Boarders may be addressed; or to the Secretary, Mr. HENRY GARY, 21, New Park-road, Stockwell, S.

A TUTOR of EXPERIENCE is open to an ENGAGEMENT in the Neighbourhood of London. Besides the ordinary Course of Classics, Mathematics, and History, he has paid practical attention to the study of Algebra, Algebra, Street Brothers, 11, Serle-street, Lincoln's Inn-fields.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1858.

## LITERATURE

*Missionary Adventures in Texas and Mexico.*  
By the Abbé Domenech. Translated from the French. (Longman & Co.)

THE old-fashioned missionary way of doing your duty, and letting the result appear, with silent illustration, in thriving villages, neat and clean huts, a margin of bright gardens, and a busy population gathering in annual editions of fruits and flowers, seems to be out of date, and missionaries of later times return home to make known their exploits at divers breakfasts and dinners, or, at any rate, to print, for the gratification of their friends and subscribers, a personal narrative of adventures. The world is not content to know nothing—it likes to know every little particular—about its remarkable, and especially its religious men; it likes to observe their methods of eating or drinking, their manner of cooking, or, not unfrequently, washing; it loves to regard them giving their mind and best attention to the question of turning some parochial offering—we will say, an old blue cotton petticoat—into an effectual pair of pantaloons. The world is pleased to hear of a missionary doing anything incongruous—jolting uneasily in a rickety waggon—careering on a wild horse—having adventures among lions and serpents—sleeping in a tin bath without a bottom—preaching out of a tree, or saying the service in his shirt-sleeves. In most cases the public is not peculiarly anxious about strict accuracy or instruction. So long as it is not compelled to think, or disturbed in its routine, it will even subscribe, if it be on the whole satisfactorily entertained.

The Abbé Domenech has done his best to supply an entertaining missionary book, and it would be an injustice to him to say he has failed. His work is entertaining; he records a great many marvels. The book is full of grotesque situations and adventures. The style is glowing and imaginative: the descriptions, we have reason to know, are not often accurate; but that is no matter, perhaps: the necessity of the demand above mentioned will doubtless explain any excessive mis-statement or exaggeration.

The author is a young French priest, whom the eloquence of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Texas excited "when he was not quite twenty, and had not entirely completed his ecclesiastical studies," to set out as a missionary to Texas. In 1846, with an episcopal benediction, he left Havre for New Orleans—gives the public the benefit of his feelings, and a pretty description of the celebration of high mass at sea, on Easter Sunday; the altar being erected on the ship's poop, and, "thanks to the offering of the French ladies, the little chapel being as beautiful and graceful as a *repositoir* on the *Fête Dieu*."

After a short stay at New Orleans the author sails up the Mississippi to St. Louis, in the Ecclesiastical College of which city he spends two years "in preparing for the apostolic life of the missions." At the end of this time he takes the down steamer for Galveston, where the Roman Catholic Bishop of Texas is located. The episcopal residence "is composed of three wretched huts, containing seven or eight small rooms, surrounded by galleries, shaded by fig-trees, rose-laurels, *grenades*, and citrons." The usual salary, we afterwards learn, is 14,000 francs, a sum, the author informs the reader, in outlay, only equal to 4,000 dollars. The Bishop of Galveston used to talk to his Texian flock in the evening under the gallery of the house.

On Sunday, the cathedral being not finished, service was conducted in a little wooden chapel, through the roof of which at times the rain came in, and made it necessary for the congregation to put up their umbrellas. To San Antonio the neophyte's next journey leads, and on the way "Methodists and ants" annoy him. A few pages further on Presbyterians interrupt him,—he laughs at them of course, as he does at every Baptist, Methodist, and Episcopalian he meets.

Heretics are wonderfully ignorant people, and their houses something between inns and conventicles. It appears to be a remarkable and not altogether explained fact, that all the murderers the Abbé Domenech meets, or those who die violent or sudden deaths, are not of the true faith—they are either Germans of the sect of Ronge, or Swiss Calvinists, or Baptists. More than once we have found it necessary to turn to the Table of Contents in order to ascertain whether the Abbé can be a native of Gascony! It will be remarked, the name of the town at which the young priest is and his sufferings are very appropriate. San Antonio, like all Mexican towns, has filthy streets, a vacant square with a thick clumsy church, and houses of adobes, environed by lilacs, and peach and pomegranate trees. The Mexican women of the place shock the modest Frenchman:—"they are scantily clad, wearing only a chemise with very low front, and a petticoat." The author lodges in a garret, in the dreary square, where he shares the society of onions, garlic, pimento, and vegetables, and an undesirable colony of dormice and musquitoes. The window looks out on a stream of water "where the washing business of the town was done, and in which the women bathed publicly." Being "in view of all their gambollings," which are full of tropical impropriety, he was obliged to close the window, and meditate on himself in connexion with garlic and pimento. His sofa was "a public coffin, in which the mortal remains of the poor were conveyed to the cemetery." From the skylight of his garret he looked out upon the cemetery, and we cannot wonder that after a time M. Domenech, as he tells us, "unable to study, hardly able to breathe, was dying of ennui."

He thought of returning on foot to Galveston, when the Bishop arrived to examine him for ordination. He hesitated, and these are his reasons:—

"I durst not as yet bind myself by an irrevocable vow to the work of the ministry among a vicious people with whose language and manners I was unacquainted, under a burning sky, amid perils and dangers of all sorts,—and that, too, when I had not as yet attained my twenty-third year, that is at an age when the passions are strongest."

The Abbé Dubuis, however, succeeds in overcoming these scruples, and though "the chalice was a bitter one," the novice "felt no inward regret." He sets forth for his post through long *chapparals* or coppice-woods of acacia and cactus, and reaches a little deserted parsonage of wood and brick. Lizards and tarantulas were in possession; the previous tenant had not long ago died, and his grave was in the garden, covered over with mignonette. His successor slept in a hammock and lived on scraps of pork and dried venison. Castroville was the name of the village of huts where M. Domenech was placed, and his duties were teaching the Catechism to sixty or seventy French, German, and Anglo-American children, whose language he had to learn. "At the end of a fortnight he fell into mortal *ennui*." The people did not appear to have any idea of paying for masses, and priests almost starved. Rattlesnakes and cobras annoyed him, and in return

he endeavoured to dine upon them; by way of luxury, occasionally fattening, and subsequently fricasseeing, a cat. To provide proper furniture for the church was difficult, and taxed his ingenuity. The church at Castroville was a little hut built of earth and wood. The priest borrowed a cow-bell from a Swiss, we are willing to hope of the true faith, and suspended it in the belfry, whence it tinkled to the Texian hills and non-churchgoing denizens such continuous sounds as they had seldom heard. The Texians desisted from the evil practice of working on the Sunday, many accidents taking place in consequence, and, we are glad to learn, did not repose on Monday in a drunken debauch. In order to celebrate Easter properly, the Abbé resorts to a little contrivance:—

"I had resolved that our little chapel should be decked out and wear quite a festive air for this solemnity, so I commenced its decoration the previous evening, and borrowed all the shawls and pieces of finery, and candlesticks, to be found in Castroville. I even procured two small doors to construct lateral altars. The muslin curtains and shawls served as tapestry. I turned wooden vases in a lathe, and gilded them. In these I placed flowers of every hue and size, which I had gathered in the woods and open country. All this magnificence filled the colonists with astonishment. Next day the Catholics of the town, and of the surrounding country, assisted at the celebration of the Divine Mysteries, with feelings of profound reverence, on bended knees, bare-headed, and regardless of the burning sun, which darts its rays upon them. Poor isolated congregation! How lively, sincere, touching, was this piety on that day! The Almighty must have looked down with complacency on the little corner of earth where thou overdest at thy prayers! How favourably did thy piety contrast with the wavering, lukewarm piety of the city population of Europe! In deserts and solitude, the blessings of religion are so much the more fully appreciated, as they are rarely accorded."

The Propaganda, we learn, has distributed in all its missions about three millions of francs, and M. Domenech compares it favourably and without any vulgar regard for accuracy with heretical societies.—

"The receipts of the Propagation of the Faith, from its foundation in 1822 to 1846, that is to say, in twenty-four years, have amounted to about thirty millions. Now, the English Bible Society, which has been in existence only a few years, had disbursed in 1851 about ninety-five millions of francs."

The Abbé notes that it is quite astonishing how prosperous the efforts of the Propaganda have been, and with what a divine halo the missionaries are surrounded.

To the Roman Catholic soldiers in the American army the Abbé next turns, and relates much of the hardships of the service and "the brutality of the American officers." He sees, as he remarks, "a great deal in a short time,"—cactuses, for instance, of such weight, that it requires "six mules to draw a single one in a waggon." Under a burning sun, without food or repose, he walks twelve miles on foot, and rides sixty-four on a wild *mustang*, that has only been mounted twice, "not wishing to give an American an opportunity to jeer at a Frenchman, and above all a Catholic priest." The *mustang* has his head given him; amid cheers from Irish believers, and unseated by a coalition of Texian bulls and panthers' skins, clearing walls, crossing rivers, bounding at a dizzy rate past fantastic trees and rattlesnakes, the excellent priest is enabled without south to reach the end of his journey.

Murderers who are Swiss Calvinists, and fratricides equally perverted, distract the author's attention. The pork becomes corrupt, and the priest's heart, "at 24 full of affection,"

is sad. He chants by the river "Vogue, vogue, oh! ma balancelle." It is true he is a priest, but far more is it true that he is a Frenchman, as the following extract shows:—

"Towards midnight I was awakened by the tinklings of the little bell of the chapel,—measured tinklings, sweet, and silverly. I listened attentively in great amazement. It could not be the breeze, for it was so light that it would scarcely have agitated the leaf of the aspen. Who, then, could be thus ringing at an hour when all nature reposed and was asleep in the cabins and in the woods? Immediately behind me, in the direction of Abbé Chazelle's grave, I heard, in a tongue unintelligible to me, a melody full of pathos and harmony, resembling the slow, solemn modulations of a religious chant. For a moment I fancied I was dreaming, and carried to the midnight office of some Carthusian cloister. The vibration of the little bell, and the voice, were borne languidly into space by the zephyr of the night, like the emanation of a sweet perfume. These melodious, mysterious accents went to my heart; and though convinced that I was quite awake, I durst not rise lest I should penetrate the mystery. I enjoyed, as I should delicious fruit, these harmonious, melancholy notes, which found a responsive echo in my heart. At the end of an hour the chanting ceased, the bell tinkled no longer, and silence resumed her sway once more. The next day a woman from the town came to inquire why it was that I performed a night service at the grave of Abbé Chazelle? I entreated her to explain herself. She told me how she had been awakened by the bell; how she observed lights on the grave, and the figure of a man on his knees in the attitude of prayer. As to the chant, she was at too great a distance to have heard it. The following night, at the same hour, I was again aroused by the tinkling of the bell, and the chant only differed from that of the preceding night in this, that its modulation was sadder and more solemn. After having listened a long time to the melody, I decided on finding out who this mysterious chanter was, and rising without noise, I quietly approached the grave, at each of the four corners of which a wax taper was burning. At the foot of the cross I clearly discerned the form of a man in a kneeling posture. It was the maniac of the Medina, as he was called, a colonist of about thirty years of age, whom the execution of the Swiss had so affected that he lost his reason. But as his folly was confined to harmless eccentricities, he was allowed to be at large in the town, where he walked frequently through the streets, chanting his lays at every hour, day and night. He had a very good voice, and his chants were generally funeral and religious. I approached him, and begged of him to go home to bed. The poor maniac, with a sweet smile on his lips, obeyed me without hesitation, saying, *Ya, ya, young Herr Pfarrer* (Yes, yes, young priest). Henceforward the night chants ceased, but I confess that I often regretted their discontinuance."

The project of building a church at Castroville for 120*l.* occupies the attention of the Abbé and his fellow priest, and he sets out to procure subscriptions. The good Ursuline nuns at Galveston send his apparel, charitable Jewish tailors supply him with clothes gratis, and a subscription besides, and after very wonderful adventures with mud crabs, and Presbyterians, who, having nothing better to do, are in the habit of firing at their minister—the Missionary returns with 200 piastres.

The Castroville people—being many of them Alsacians—did not contribute as they ought to do—and the Abbé Dubuis preached to them a plain sermon:—

"We teach seventy-two of your children, and yet you give nothing, not even for their books, which we often furnish gratis. We are about to build a church which will cost you scarcely anything, thanks to our collections, and still you leave us to die of hunger. Call to mind that on one occasion I was not able to preach because I had had no food for forty-eight hours; and that my first colleague, the Abbé Chazelle, died of want still

more than of grief. Thus, since we are made up of bones and flesh and cannot exist without food, we give you warning that to-morrow we shall quit this colony to seek a residence where more consideration will be shown for us, if from this day forward you do not provide us with the means of living for each mouth (and in advance), whether in money or in kind, and a half piastre over and above for each pupil attending the school—(the children of widows and of the poor we except from this rule). If the first instalment is not paid in before this evening, to-morrow you will no longer see us."

This appeal, with the effect of subsequent Bengal lights and a display of vestments of cloth of gold, is efficacious. The priests find in the woods "stones ready squared, oaks thirty feet high, remarkably straight," and just what they want;—they make lime, and the two priests carve the stone crosses and handle hammer and chisel amazingly. The school-children work the mortar, and the work speeds,—the Abbé Dubuis presiding in red-flannel shirt, trousers of blue cotton, and a hat of a polygonal shape. Exhausted with this work the Missionary returned to France, presented a pair of mocassins to the Pope, and returned to Texas, where his adventures among the *rancheros* supply us with an odd story.—

"A European living at Matamoros had seduced a Mexican young woman, under promise of marriage; but at the moment of the marriage ceremony he began to hesitate, and ended by retracting his engagement. The girl's parents manifested no symptoms of resentment, but to all appearance they continued their social relations with the seducer, who was soon persuaded that all was forgiven. One day, however, he was invited to dine; and after dinner, giddiness, accompanied by violent headache, seized him. He cried out that he was poisoned, escaped, and made the best of his way to fling himself into the Rio Grande, opposite Brownsville. At this point there are always passers-by, promenaders, and barilleros. He was rescued from the water,—his life was saved, but his reason was gone. Picked up by a Frenchman, and conveyed home, he filled the houses with cries of terror. Every one who met his eye was a poisoner. He refused to take any nourishment; he got away; flung himself once more into the river, and was once more rescued. It was then that a coloured woman, who had lived a long time in Louisiana, declared that this derangement presented all the features of that which proceeds from the absorption of liquids, drugs, or perfumes, known only to the sect of the Vaudoux. She told how her mother became suddenly deranged after visiting the house of a Vaudoux; and declared, with confidence, that if the unfortunate could be prevailed upon to contract the promised marriage, his derangement would cease. The result verified the prediction; for after a visit paid by the young man, in a lucid interval, at the house of the young woman's parents, his reason came back, and the marriage was celebrated."

The sect of the Vaudoux at New Orleans is mysterious:—

"I was told the following, regarding some of their ceremonies, as they are often celebrated at New Orleans, at the Suburb Trémé, in an isolated house, surrounded by a fence of boards, and only one story high. One room composed nearly the whole house. At the further end of it, towards the east, was raised an altar covered over with red woollen cloth. This altar was hollow, and filled inside with rattlesnakes, congos, and other venomous reptiles, which would crawl out during the dance, glide about the room, and entwine themselves about the persons of the dancers. The Vaudoux undress, without doubt, in a closet on the ground floor, for they enter quite naked by the door to the left of the altar. There they join hands and form a ring, while a negro takes his post in the centre, burns in a perfuming pan a substance that diffuses a thick white smoke through the room, stoops to the floor, perhaps to trace certain cabalistic figures, takes five serpents off the altar, and folds them round his neck and limbs.

The ring then puts itself in motion; and the whole company, including the negro, twist and jump about for a considerable time. At length the lights are put out, and the noise ceases as darkness comes on. This sect inspires such terror into the coloured population and the negroes who belong to it, that you cannot get them to procure personal and direct information regarding these mysterious practices. What they say about them is so extraordinary, that no reliance can be placed in it. I was frequently seen at New Orleans in the sequestered streets of the Suburb Trémé, boxes of tinned iron full of oil, and containing a square-cut stove, the size of which varies with the box. They were placed at night-fall on the window-sills, but it was long before I could get any person to explain to me the reason for the boxes being there. No one remarked them; and it was only during the latter days of my stay at Texas that I found them out to be specifics against the witchery of the Vaudoux."

We do not quarrel with M. Domenech for his creed,—he is at liberty to misrepresent the country through which he travels and the companions with whom he differs. He has a right to his opinion, that "in the Catholic faith is a powerful weapon of defence against American aggression,"—and that Mexico "will never be ruled by a Protestant country." We are sorry for M. Domenech's weak state of health and the failure of his adventurous efforts;—and still more that we cannot concur with him in the pretty sentiment that his book is "like the violet, and possesses no other charm than the sweet perfume of truth."

*Service and Adventure with the Khakee Ressalah; or, Meerut Volunteer Horse, during the Mutinies of 1857-58.* By Robert Henry Wallace Dunlop, B.C.S. (Bentley.)

LIKE Archer, in "The Beaux' Stratagem," the historian of the Khakee Ressalah "fights, loves, and banters all in a breath." It was the humour of the Khakee mess to receive even the tidings of disasters rather with shouts of fierce mirth than with dismay,—"every fresh loss calling for a renewed cheer." There was policy in this apparent levity, and the treacherous and cruel natives at Mirat must have been impressed with the belief that nothing could daunt the men who could mock at such dangers as then surrounded the Faringi in Hindustan. Indeed, the Risallah (we know not why Mr. Dunlop mis-spells the word) of Mirat Volunteers, though they called themselves Khákí, or "earthy," had more of fire than earth in their composition. At a time when the general commanding at Mirat took the laudable precaution of shutting up his European force in cantonments—and would not even spare fifty riflemen to bring in treasure from the neighbouring district of Bulandshahr—the Khákí horse scoured the country, forced their way into rebel villages against five times their numbers, and performed exploits second to none in the history of the rebellion.

It may appear incredible that a little squadron, which never exceeded fifty men, should have been able to move about a country swarming with rebels, with the great army of the mutineers not more than fifty miles off at Delhi, and whole brigades of mutineers marching to join them from various points. But fortune in this case really favoured the brave, and though often opposed to vast odds, the Khákís always came off victorious. The fact is, the courage of the Indian is rather passive than active, and he has imbibed an awe of our soldiers which seems irresistible. One of the mutineers accounted for this to our author after a curious fashion, as will be seen in the following passage, which likewise witnesses to the indifference of natives to death under circumstances which appal the European:—



"The pay havildar arranged the rope round his own neck without assistance. Their hands, I remarked, were not pinioned, as they should have been, but when the carts were removed, they did not use them as they might have done; they were resolute in dying, and one of them struggled for nearly ten minutes. Often and often have I seen natives executed, of all ages, of every caste, and every position in society, yet never have I seen one of them misbehave at the scaffold; they died with a stoicism that in Europe would excite astonishment and admiration; yet the very same men behave in some instances with the rankest cowardice in the field; crowds of them routed, and ignominiously put to flight, by merely handfuls of Europeans, few of whom, whatever their conduct in battle, would walk to execution with equal indifference. I have heard of this difficult question in metaphysics being put to one of themselves. 'It lies in the legs,' he replied, 'the whole fault is in the legs; often when we have made up our minds to die, and hear the cheer of the "Gorah" (pale faces), our legs carry us off against our will."

This execution was the sight which greeted Mr. Dunlop and his gallant companion, Lieut. Speke, afterwards killed in the storm of Delhi, on their arrival at Ambala. They had been shooting on the Himalaya Mountains, and it was only on the 31st of May they learned that the country below them had become a land of enemies. With zeal worthy of all praise, they hastened down to the post of danger and duty; and both performed gallant and important services. The principal engagement in which Mr. Dunlop took a part—and, indeed, the most signal achievement performed by the Khaki Risalah—was the battle of Barūt, in which a notable rebel, named Sāh Mall, a Jāt chief, who had been appointed Subahdār of the Barūt Pargana by the King of Delhi, was killed. Mr. Dunlop, who loves to jest as well as fight, thus describes a single combat he had on that occasion:—

"I had got out of gunshot of this rabble, when I perceived a horseman fast coming up to us, his matchlock in one hand and a drawn sword in the other. I had only that morning recovered for Government three troop horses of the 3rd Light Cavalry. I was trying one of them, a young iron-grey, and the trial had high cost me my life. The brute possessed an insane terror of fire-arms, either from never having heard them in such proximity before, or from having had unpleasant experience of the effects of gunshot wounds. When I perceived that my over-impetuous friend, the Sowar, had placed a sufficient distance between himself and his party to give me hopes of disposing of him without interference, and I had checked and wheeled my horse round for the purpose, the animal proceeded to the charge alternately tripping along sideways, or waltzing round on its hind legs, springing clear off the ground at every discharge of my revolver. I had implicit confidence, from long practice, in my own pistol shooting and fencing; but I can defy any one not trained to acrobatic [*sic*] performances to have done anything more than hold on with that ever-to-be-anathematized grey. My progress must, I have often thought since, have had a ludicrous appearance, resembling the performances of Astley's professionals in their combats with some renowned Pagan. I was able, however, by good luck, to remove the thumb of my opponent's sword-hand, and mortally wound his horse. In drawing my slight double-edged sword, however, (my horse having at the moment adopted an angle of ninety degrees, as the most suitable slope for his back,) I managed to draw blood from my own throat. The footmen and others under Sāh Mull, in the meanwhile, having come up and materially added to the effect of the circus-like fight by a desultory discharge of matchlocks, I made the best of my way after my companions, abandoning to my opponent and his friends my pith helmet, which had come off in the *mêlée*, as a slight remuneration for the thumb and charger of which I had deprived him. I afterwards ascertained that the horseman with whom I had this

skirmish was one Bugda, nephew to Sāh Mull, and a general in the service of the titular King of Delhi."

It is a happy thing to be able to find amusement even in danger; and it is certainly one of our author's gifts, as has already been shown. In the same manner, a night alarm seems to have made more impression on his risible faculties than on any other, as witness the following:—

"The same night a sudden alarm among the Rifles was heard, which rapidly increased in noise and confusion to a tumult. One of the riflemen, running into the palace from his post, exclaimed, 'that the rebels were bayoneting our men in numbers at the gate.' A voice on the flight of steps leading to the entrance-hall, shouted to the cavalry-men within, 'Carbineers, take to your swords,' and out they went pell-mell. Some of the riflemen, who could not in the dark get hold of their bayonets, commenced pummeling each other with their fists, and the officer in command found himself going gravely through the parry and thrust with one of his own men, armed with a fixed bayonet. The man, on recognizing him, touched his hat, saying apologetically, 'Why, sir, I really thought you was an Ingen.' The disorder, however, subsided almost as rapidly as it had arisen, and was found to have been caused by a little bugler, who, getting nightmare from his long march and heavy breakfast of the morning, had commenced yelling in his sleep."

There is not much of serious disquisition, or of historical detail, in this volume. Indeed, the author expressly disclaims all intention of entering upon anything that might be thought prosaic. He shows, however, by some sensible remarks in his concluding chapter, that he can be instructive as well as amusing. Thus, he affords some valuable information on the origin of the Revolt, which he distinctly ascribes to Mūhamadan intrigues, and gives the following remarkable proof of his assertion:—

"In the service of the Begum Sombre at Sirdhanah were several foreigners, French, Italians, and Germans. They appear to assimilate more readily with the people of the country they inhabit than Englishmen, and most of them had half-caste families at Sirdhanah. These descendants are Roman Catholic Christians, whose interests, being identical with our own, have often been found useful in subordinate police posts. One of these, François Sisten, was, before the mutiny, Thanadar, or Police Inspector, at Seetapore, in Oude. He had got three months' leave, came to see his family in Meerut and some friends in Saharunpore, and called on the joint-magistrate of that place, Mr. R. Edwards, to pay his respects. He was sitting native fashion in an ante-room of Mr. Edwards' house with other police *employés*, when a Mussulman Tehsildar of the Bijnour district entered the room. Sisten was dressed, as usual, in native clothes; he buttoned his mūzaia (a sort of jacket) on the left breast, as Mussulmans do, the Hindoos buttoning it on the right. He appeared, in fact, to be a Mussulman, and, as the Tehsildar glanced at him, he inquired what service he held, and where. Sisten replied, he was a Thanadar on leave from Oude. 'What news from Oude?' said the Tehsildar; 'how does the work progress, brother?'—'If we have work in Oude, your Highness will know it well,' replied Sisten, who inherited a good deal of Hindoostanee suspicion, and made the Tehsildar thus think him not ignorant but cautious. The trifling mutinies at Barrackpore, as they were then thought, had commenced. 'Depend upon it we will succeed this time,' said the Tehsildar; 'the direction of the business is in able hands.' Now that Tehsildar was the Nawab Ahmad Oollah Khan of Nugeenah, nephew of the Nawab Mahmood Khan of Nujeebabad, and is, or was on the 1st of May, the leader of the rebels in Bijnour; but had Sisten reported, as he himself says, such a conversation as a matter of importance, he would at that time have been laughed at as an alarmist."

We think it right also to note his opinion of

the competition system. He says, "The present system of examination for the Civil Service has notoriously failed in bringing the best class of men to this country, and the army has fully earned by its noble services and sufferings some great and imperial gift." He proposes, therefore, as was first suggested by Lord Ellenborough, that all appointments should be in the first instance military, and that officers for civil employ should be selected from the general mass.

In conclusion, we have to say, that Mr. Dunlop is the brother of two ladies, whose account of a residence at Mirat, previous to the outbreak, was reviewed not long since in these columns. His 'Service and Adventure' is a work of a higher class than the 'Timely Retreat.'

*La Mort d'Arthur. The History of King Arthur and of the Knights of the Round Table.* Compiled by Sir Thomas Malory, Knt. Edited from the Text of the Edition of 1634, with Introduction and Notes. By Thomas Wright, Esq. 3 vols. (J. R. Smith.)

THE Arthurs who have hitherto figured as heirs to the throne in the royal story of Britain have had but little of what is considered "princely" fortune to boast of. When Henry the Seventh repaired to the shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham, and named his newly-born son Arthur, he did so especially because that British name was one supremely dear to the people,—to whom the idea or possibility of a future King Arthur was as the promised realization of some fond and brilliant dream. The dream was short-lived, but it never appeared more likely to become an accomplished fact than when, on a mid-November day at the door of the old cathedral of St. Paul's, the strippling prince kissed the lips of the fair, modest, and accomplished Katherine of Aragon, his bride. Parsimonious as the father of that Arthur was, he, for once, opened his purse with his heart, and expended a sum in dances, joustings, and banquets, which made a miserable man of him for many a long day to come. The nobility, in honour of this British Arthur, exceeded the King in magnificence and profusion. The Joyous-ile of the older history saw no more brilliant "turnements," the round table never sustained the weight of such good cheer, and the hall of Guenever was never merry and musical with such crowding couples of stately or mirthful dancers, as the barons of England brought together at an outlay that made the hearts of their heirs curse the day for ever. "My estate to nothing,—and that's an even bet," is the phrase of Sir Larry, in Colman's 'Who wants a Guinea?' and the same wager and comment might have been made by many a baron who ruined his own house by celebrating the foundation of that of Prince Arthur. For four short months the bride and bridegroom kept a state at Ludlow that might have won the admiration of the feasters at Camelot for its splendour, and the approval of Merlin for its wisdom. Four short months and the bridegroom of the hectic blush lay dead upon his bridal bed;—and what is there in all romance so touching as the incident of his royal parents? The stricken sire, pale, mute, and tearless through despair, gradually softened to submission by the devout mother, who having fulfilled her woman's work of consoler, went into her chamber, cast herself down in her hopelessness, and could scarcely accept from her consort the instructions she had herself so recently imparted.

In his little life, this Arthur had been compelled to take something too much of every

thing,—of learning included, of which he had a wonderful superfluity;—and this excess of all things killed the young prince whom the people had loved early for his very name's sake. And so died the heir to the throne of Henry the Seventh.

Another, and a more disastrous fate was that of the heir to the throne of Richard of the Lion-Heart. Chivalry has its villainous as well as its virtuous side, and there is no such miserable illustration of the former phase of the celebrated institution in all the 'Mort d'Arthur' as is to be found in the conduct of Richard and John to their nephew Arthur. The Greek chivalry was wont to lie and weep with equal facility and indifference—these two belted knights and sceptred sovereigns excelled any of their Pagan predecessors in mendacity and hypocrisy. Richard made and unmade Arthur as his heir,—and John, profiting by the latter occurrence, got rid of the young prince, as a pretender, by murder.

As long, however, as that prince lived, the people supported his claim, by their voices where they could; in their hearts, always. The name of Arthur had a magic in it; and an heir with such a name, backed by claims which were irrefutable, had the allegiance of all but those who were constrained by force or interest to oppose it. These, unhappily, were many; and Arthur had the misfortune to find the prime of England among the number. A wonderfully democratic and casuistic and slippery individual was Archbishop Hubert; and no evil-minded spirit in romance effected more for recreant knight or lightly-zoned damsel than Hubert effected for John when he told the people at Westminster that it was their undoubted right, as Englishmen, to elect their own king, and that they had done well in electing "Earl John." Every hearer was pleased that such a right was thus acknowledged; and if a particular hearer felt that his voice was for Arthur, the son of John's elder brother Geoffrey, he concluded that he was in the minority, and was too good or too simple-minded an Englishman to disturb an election based upon universal suffrage and such excellent principles. The hero himself of the romance was never half so deserving of the intervention of the supernatural as this high-spirited, brave, indomitable, little son of Geoffrey. All the force, violence and craft of the king could not extort from the boy a renunciation of his rights. Shut up in the castle at Rouen, the world saw no more of him:—"subito evanuit," says one; "cito post evanuit," repeats another author; "by the king's own hand," exclaim a host of writers; "modo fere omnibus ignorato,"—in a way generally unknown. At all events, "evanuit Arthur,"—he disappeared; and thus, in 1202, dropped out of this world of splendid sorrows the second Arthur among our princes.

How remote must we go back to reach the Round Table of the first, most renowned, and most disputed of our Arthurs? Was he a man, or a myth, or a system? Did the son of Uthur Pendragon really reign from 506 to 542? Here are thirty-six, a good three dozen years to be accounted for; and right thickly have the romantic historians or the historic romancers crowded them with incidents more or less marvellous. Perhaps, there is no sovereign of England the passages of whose life have been narrated more in detail than those of Arthur. His birth, bringing-up, his learning, his loves, his battles, his nuptial calamities (Guenivere made of him a very George Dandin among monarchs, though Arthur had his revenge), his triumphs, his tribulations, his escapes, his concealments, his re-appearances, his wit, wisdom, dress, diet, death,—all but the place

of his burial,—all these matters are told with a marvellous minuteness,—and at the end of the story, when first told, men were divided in their opinions. Some doubted that there was ever such a personage; we agree with them. Others doubted that he ever died, or, if dead, that any power could keep him so. We agree with these also. There never was such a personage as the Arthur of romance; and if there ever were, he was by far too lively a personage to submit to death.—"Some men yet say in many parts of England that king Arthur is not dead, but had by the will of our Lord Jesu Christ into another place; and men say that hee will come againe, and hee shall winne the holy crosse. I will not say that it shall bee so, but rather I will say that heere in this world hee changed his life. But many men say that there is written upon his tombe this verse:—'Hic jacet Arthurus, rex quondam, rexque futurus.'"

Thus much for the past and future of the hero. Later chroniclers maintain that his coffin and body were discovered about 1191 at Glastonbury; and if this may be credited, sure we are that a corpse and a coffin of a dead Arthur were then brought to light as a sort of agitation in favour of the little living Arthur who was then the heir to the throne of Richard. Such a discovery would give glory to the name. If they could only have found too his famous sword Excalibur, and girded it round the loins of the son of Geoffrey, he would have worn a talisman that would have made him king, for the old legend ran, that he who next wore the weapon should sit on the throne of the son of Pendragon.

The great romance of the life of the first Arthur has grown into its present form after the manner that the Iliad is said to have grown out of the chanted romances of the rhapsodists. For a long series of years, metrical fragments, and subsequently lively prose histories, enumerating various deeds of divers kings and knights, were circulated, sung, and read, in presence of vastly edified listeners, in kingly courts and baronial halls, who learned, in a desultory way, what feats had been accomplished by Arthur and his knights, and how to very questionable deeds was awarded a praise as if they had been acts of great virtue. At length, in the fifteenth century, Malory collected, arranged, and amended the various romances abroad; and making one connected story of the whole, published a book which set a world of readers and listeners mad with delight. Sir Thomas appears to have had an idea that ignorant or malevolent writers would possibly fall foul of his book, sneer at what he had accomplished, and ridicule a scholarship which they could not equal. To these ignoramuses, Malory, in a courteous way, thus addressed himself:—"Thus, reader, I leave thee at thy pleasure to read but not to judge, except thou judge with understanding. The asse is no competent judge betwixt the owle and the nightingale for the sweetness of their voices; cloth of Arras or hangings of tapistry are not fit to adorne a kitchen, no more are kettles, pots, and spits to hang in a ladies bed-chamber. Neither is it beeming for a man to censure that which his ignorance cannot perceive, or his pride and malice will prejudicate or cavill at."

The book had a wonderful success. It contains "a good comprehensive condensation of the romantic cycle of King Arthur and his Knights," says Mr. Wright, who justly adds, that some knowledge of the incidents here narrated "is absolutely necessary for those who would understand those Middle Ages which have of late years been so much talked

of and have excited so much interest." Further, this romance, we are told, embodies a mythic code of the more elevated principles and spirit of chivalry "which the high-minded knight was supposed to labour to imitate." To us it seems that he could hardly have done worse. 'King Arthur' is a work by a Paul de Kock of the middle era, not a code of Christian law and morals like the sublime maxims of Thomas à Kempis. Even Mr. Wright, with all his antiquarian enthusiasm, is constrained to confess, that "the tone of the morality of this code is certainly not very high; but—it was the morality of feudalism."

The whole history, indeed, has about it that glittering sort of unreality, if we may so speak, which marks transpontine dramas and the circle at Astley's. There is a conglomeration of old and new incidents, anachronisms, confusions of time and space, and utter disregard of probability. Mr. T. P. Cooke, we think, is the only survivor of the actors who, nearly forty years ago, played in the Coburg drama, 'The Temple of Death.' The scene was Scandinavia, and part of the people living there, very much given to dancing, were called Athenians! At a more recent period, Astley's gave us the Siege of Troy, in which, by a comprehensive sort of forgetfulness, the authors made the Greeks the besieged instead of the besiegers, and reversed the causes and consequences of the whole story. So in these romances there is a knocking to pieces of old historical edifices, and an absurd employment of the bricks in erecting similar buildings with altered names. For instance, the classical story of Amphitryon,—which the classical writers stole from the East, the romancers stole from the original stealers. The father of Arthur is, accordingly, a pinchbeck Amphitryon; the Duchess Igrayne is a funny Alcmena, and Arthur himself is the romantic Hercules, "with a difference." Merlin is thrown in as a makeweight in the play, but the solemn sage always has something of the buffoon about him; his apophthegms remind us of the Latin used by Mr. Wallet, the "Court Jester," and the sage stoops to amorous confabulations with rather bronze-faced damsels, which in their nature are not unlike those of the low-comedy cits and abigails of Etheredge and Congreve. The whole affair is a "spectacle" in its way, but the continual sameness wears us. The entries and encounters of the knights, their airs and graces, their feats, falls, and adieux to the world, have a circus complexion. As in the arena, the gentleman in spangles and tinfoil-helmet walks, canters, gallops, smiles, frowns, attitudinizes, jumps through three hoops or over half-a-dozen sashes, flings a double *soubresaut*, and retires with an air of having achieved a meritorious duty,—and as all who follow him, whether they come singly or in groups, do precisely the same things, only in different dresses, with perhaps now and then an Amazonian rider among them, to whom the cavaliers pay mock homage, and Sir Merryman addresses compliments not worth the having;—so throughout this drama and circle of chivalry, the "gentlemen riders" and the "ladies of the troupe" go on enacting dramas made up of the same incidents, and whirl through the circus in a continual succession of the same astounding performances. As we close the book, we are as if we had had a ten years' season-ticket at Franconi's, and had never missed a night of it—Sundays included! Could anything be more dreadful? And yet, it is certain that in the days when people possessed not their Shakespeare, and knew not of Music Halls, and had not their Milton, nor their favourite novel-writer, nor their *Athenæum*, this book was the most popular



history of the day. "For herein may be seen noble chivalrye, curtosye, humanyte, frendlynesse, love, frendshyp, cowardyse, murdre, hate, vertue, synne. Doo after the good, and leve the evyl, and it shal bryngye you to good fame and renomnee. And for to passe the tyme, this book shal be plesaunte to rede in, but for to gyve fayth and byleve that al is trewe that is contayned herin, ye be at your lyberte." So spoke honest Caxton of his own first edition of 'The Life and Death of Arthur,'—and as a brief sample of the opinions, critical judgment, morality, and humour of the venerable Father of the English Press, it is well worth the citing. How Caxton's sentiments are illustrated in the text will, we hope, be seen by many a reader, for the romance *must* be read, at least by those who care to know anything about the method, manners, morals, code, or consequences of chivalry. Meanwhile, let us say, that the airs and graces of chivalry have been more exquisitely drawn by modern than by ancient writers. Compare this passage—

"At the vigill of Pentecost, when all the fellowship of the round table were come unto Camelot, and there they all heard their service, and all the tables were covered, ready to set thereon the meate, right so entered into the hall a full faire gentlewoman on horsbacke, that had riden full fast, for her horse was all to beswet; then shee there alighted and came before king Arthur and saluted him; and then the king said, 'Damosell, God blesse you!' 'Sir,' said shee, 'for Gods sake, shew me where sir Launcelot is!' 'Yonder may yee see him,' said king Arthur. Then shee went unto sir Launcelot, and said, 'Sir Launcelot, I salute you on king Pelles behalfe, and I require you to come with me heereby into a Forrest.' Then sir Launcelot asked her with whom that shee dwelled. 'I dwell,' said shee, 'with king Pelles.' 'What is your will with me?' said sir Launcelot. 'Yee shall know and understand,' said shee, 'when ye come thether.' 'Well,' said he, 'I shall gladly goe with you.' So sir Launcelot bad his squier to saddle his horse and bring his armour; and in all the hast hee did his commendement. Then came the queene unto sir Launcelot, and said, 'Will ye leave us at this high feast?' 'Madame,' said the gentlewoman, 'wit yee well hee shall be with you to morrow by dinner-time.' 'If I wist,' said the queene, 'that hee should be with you to morrow, hee should not goe with you by my good will.'"

—with the following by Scott, in which Arthur's natural daughter enters the hall, and in which a few words characterize each knight, the shame-facedness of the King, and the intercourse, lightly hinted at and forcibly depicted, which existed between Lancelot and the Queen:

There Galaad sat with manly grace,  
Yet maiden meekness in his face;  
There Morolt of the Iron mare;  
And love-lorn Tristrem there;  
And Dinadan with lively glance,  
And Lancelot with the fairy lance,  
And Mordred with his look aunkaune,  
Brunor and Bevidere.  
Why should I tell of numbers more?  
Sir Kay, Sir Baniar, and Sir Bore,  
Sir Caradoc the keen,  
The gentle Gawain's courteous lore,  
Hector de Mares and Pellinore,  
And Lancelot, that evermore  
Look'd stol'n-wise on the Queen.  
When wine and mirth did most abound,  
And harpers play'd their blithest round,  
A shrilly trumpet shook the ground,  
And marshals clear'd the ring;  
A Maiden, on a palfrey white,  
Hedding a band of damselfs bright,  
Paecd through the circle, to alight  
And kneel before the King.  
Arthur, with strong emotion, saw  
Her graceful boldness check'd by awe,  
Her dress like huntress of the wild,  
Her bow and baldric trapp'd with gold,  
Her sandall'd feet, her ankles bare,  
And the eagle pines that deck'd her hair.  
Graceful her veil she backwards flung—  
The King, as from his seat he sprang,  
Almost cried, "Guendolen!"  
But 'twas a face more frank and wild,  
Betwixt the woman and the child,  
Where less of magic beauty smiled  
Than of the race of men;

And in the forehead's haughty grace,  
The lines of Britain's royal race,  
Pendragon's, you might ken.

Faltering, yet gracefully, she said—  
"Great Prince! behold an orphan maid,  
In her departed mother's name,  
A father's vow'd protection claim!  
The vow was sworn in desert lone,  
In the deep valley of St. John."—  
At once the King the suppliant raised,  
And kiss'd her brow, her beauty praised;  
His vow, he said, should well be kept,  
Ere in the sea the sun was dip'd;—  
Then, conscious, glanced upon his queen:  
But she, unruffled at the scene,  
Of human frailty construed mild,  
Look'd upon Lancelot, and smiled.

Caxton, as we have quoted above, gives warrant for the good moral teaching that is to be found in the romance; but what strikes us chiefly in the latter is the almost entire want of sentiment or instruction. It is all action; and the narrator passes on from one fable to another without drawing breath to point a moral. When the romancer gets three or four knights together, he sets them to active employment without a reflection upon the course or end of it. Not so Scott. As a sample of the first, take the following:—

"Then within three dayes after that, king Arthur made a justing at a priory, and there made them ready many knights of the rounde table; for sir Gawaine and his brother made them ready to just; but sir Tristram, sir Launcelot, nor sir Dinadan would not just, but suffred sir Gawaine for the love of king Arthur, with his brethren, for to winne the degree if they might. Then on the morrow they apparalled them to just, sir Gawaine and his four brethren, and did there great deeds of armes. And sir Ector de Maris did mervallously well, but sir Gawaine passed all that fellowship. Wherefore king Arthur and all the knights gave sir Gawaine the honour at the beginning. Right so king Arthur was ware of a knight and two squires that came out of a Forrest side, with a shield covered with leather; and then hee came slyly and hurtled here and there, and anon with one speare he smote downe two knights of the round table. Then with his hurtling hee lost the covering of the shield. Then was the king and all other ware that he beare the red shield. 'O Jesu,' said king Arthur, 'see where rideth a stout knight, hee with the red shield.' And there was crying, 'Beware the knight with the red shield!' So within a while he had overthrowen the three brethren of sir Gawaine. 'So God mee helpe,' said king Arthur, 'me seemeth yonder is the best knight that ever I saw.' With that he saw him encounter with sir Gawaine, and he smote him downe with so great force, that hee made the horse to avoide the saddle. 'How now,' said the king, 'sir Gawaine hath a fall; well were me and I knew what knight he were with the red shield.' 'I know him well,' said sir Dinadan; 'but as at this time yee shall not know his name.' 'By my head,' said sir Tristram, 'hee justeth better than sir Palomides, and if ye list to knowe his name, wit ye well his name is sir Lamoracke de Galis.'"

How much more artistic is the grouping in 'The Bridal of Triermain':—

The champions, arm'd in martial sort,  
Have throng'd into the list,  
And but three knights of Arthur's court  
Are from the kourney mis'd.  
And still these lovers' fame survives  
For faith so constant shown,—  
There were two who loved their neighbours' wives,  
And one who loved his own.  
The first was Lancelot de Lac,  
The second Tristrem bold,  
The third was valiant Caradoc,  
Who won the cup of gold,  
What time, of all King Arthur's crew,  
(Thereof came jeer and laugh),  
He, as the mate of lady true,  
Alone the cup could quaff.  
Though envy's tongue would fain surmise,  
That, but for venge' Caradoc,  
Sir Caradoc, to fight that prize,  
Had given both cup and dame;  
Yet, since but one of that fair court  
Was true to wedlock's shrine,  
Brand him who will with base report,—  
He shall be free from mine.

In the romance, when there is any wooing it is roughly narrated, and the narrator not only

seems to love these coarse passages, but to use a freedom and go to a length—without any warning to the reader—which might have amused, but could only have slightly edified, the old or young people of bygone days. Passages of this sort abound in all stories illustrative of chivalry: comment, sentiment, and decency came in with the Reformation, and by Scott's time warm passages were thus tempered down into beauty and carefulness by a masterly and modest hand.—

The lady sate the Monarch by,  
Now in her turn abash'd and shy,  
And with indifference seem'd to hear  
The toys he whisper'd in her ear.  
Her bearing modest was and fair,  
Yet shadows of constraint were there,  
That show'd an over-cautious care  
Some inward thought to hide;  
Oh! did she pause in full reply,  
And oft cast down her large dark eye,  
Oh! check the soft voluptuous sigh,  
That heaved her bosom's pride.  
Slight symptoms these; but shepherds know  
How hot the mid-day sun shall glow,  
From the mist of morning sky;  
And so the wily monarch guess'd,  
That this assumed restraint express'd  
More ardent passions in the breast  
Than ventured to the eye.  
Closer he press'd, while beakers rang,  
While maidens laugh'd and minstrels sang,  
Still closer to her ear—  
But why pursue the common tale?  
Or wherefore show how knights prevail  
When ladies dare to hear?  
Or wherefore trace, from what slight cause  
Its source one tyrant passion draws,  
Till, mastering all within,  
Where lives the man that has not tried  
How mirth can into folly glide,  
And folly into sin!

All the moral with which the romancer ends his hundreds of chapters, his endless stories of love, battle, violence, truth, and treachery, is comprised in a sentence, not of instruction to others, but a petition for the benefit of himself. "I pray you all, gentlemen and gentlewomen, that read this book of King Arthur and his Knights from the beginning to the ending, pray for mee, while I am alive, that God send mee good deliverance." We pray the same for all his readers, who will find their task one of very tough labour. They who accomplish it, however, will have acquired a very lively idea of the duties and demands of chivalry, and will not fail to admire the painstaking zeal and knowledge of the very efficient editor of this great Hand-book of Chivalry.

P. Vergili Maronis Opera. The Works of Virgil. With a Commentary by John Conington, M.A. Vol. I, containing the Eclogues and Georgics. (Whittaker & Co.)

This is a valuable addition to the excellent series of which it is a part. Prof. Conington's name is well known to lovers of learning. He is a scholar of that rising school which will ultimately produce a great effect on our literature—a school which feels the relation of the Classics to general humanity more vividly than the old commentators did, and lets in to-day's living sunshine upon the relics of ancient Southern Art. Heyne has the credit of being the first critic who began the change; but it was foreshadowed long ago by the Scriblerus Club of Anne's time:—

How parts relate to parts, and they to whole,  
The body's harmony, the beaming soul,  
Are things which Burman, Kuster, Waase shall see  
When man's whole frame lies obvious to a flea.

How absurd such lines of Pope's would appear if applied now to Conington, or Ramsay, or Paley, or Long! Not that we are to forget what we owe to the tough old veterans who spent long lives in "male"-ing and "optime"-ing each other's emendations. But we live in an age when the classics have to contend with three or four literatures that have grown up over their graves, and he who would now seek

readers for a favourite "ancient" must show that he understands and sympathizes with modern life. Was Plautus like Molière? Was Virgil like Tennyson? Does anything in Aristophanes remind you of Swift? Such are the questions which the reading world asks to-day, and a criticism is springing up which tends to answer them. Thus, instead of a long dissertation on all former editions, from the "Princeps" of Sweynhem and Pannartz down, we have here an introduction to the *Bucolics* containing passages like the following:—

"What is true of Virgil's relation to Theocritus is true to a certain extent of his relation to Greek writers generally and to the whole body of learning which he possessed. He had doubtless lived from boyhood in their world: and their world accordingly became a sort of second nature to him—a storehouse of life and truth and beauty, the standard to which he brought conceptions and images as they rose up within him, the suggestive guide that was to awaken his slumbering powers, and lead him to discover further felicities yet possible to the artist. This habit of mind perhaps strikes us most in cases where it is most slightly and, it would almost seem, unconsciously indicated. More than one writer has remarked on Virgil's practice of characterizing things by some local epithet, as a peculiarity by which he is distinguished from the earlier Latin poets. Doubtless in many instances there is some special reason for the choice of the word: it may point to some essential attribute of the thing, or some accidental connexion with time and place which has a real significance in the context. But there are others where it is not easy to perceive any such relevancy. What appropriateness can there be in describing the hedge which separates Tityrus's farm from his neighbour's as having its willow-blossoms fed upon by the bees of Hybla, or in the wish that the swarms which Moeris has to look after may avoid the yews of Corsica? The epithet here is significant not to the reader but to the poet, or to the reader only so far as he happens to share in the poet's intellectual antecedents: it appeals not to a first-hand appreciation of the characteristics of natural objects, such as is open to all, but to information gained from reading or travel, and therefore confined to a few. And from what we know of the facts of Virgil's life we may safely conclude that, at the time of the composition of the *Eclogues* at any rate, his associations were those of a student, not those of a tourist. Nor would it be just to stigmatize the predilection which this indicates as merely conventional. It may be narrow, but within its limits it is genuine. There are some minds which are better calculated, at least in youth, to be impressed by the inexhaustibleness of Art than by the infinity of Nature. They may lack the genial susceptibility which in others is awakened immediately by the sight of the world without, and they may not have had time to educate their imperfect sympathies into a fuller appreciation; but they respond without difficulty to the invitations of natural beauty as conveyed to them through an intervening medium, adapted by its own perfection for the transmission of the perfection which exists beyond. They see with the eyes of others, not with their own; but their soul nevertheless receives the vision. Over such minds the recollection of a word in a book has the same power which others find in a remembered sight or sound. It recalls not only its own image, but the images which were seen in company with it: nay, it may touch yet longer trains of association, and come back upon the memory with something like the force of the entire body of impressions originally excited by the work which happens to contain it. Even those who have held more direct intercourse with nature are not insensible to the operation of this secondary charm. Can any one who reads Milton doubt that the mere sound of the stately names of classic history and mythology exercised a real influence on the poet's fancy? And Mr. Tennyson has lately given us a testimony to the constraining magic of Virgil's own language, where he speaks of himself as haunted during his journey from Como not by the thought of the overflowing

lake, but by the 'ballad-burthen music' of *Lari Mazume*."

This is a characteristic specimen of the present editor's philosophical way of handling his subjects. It is an amusing contrast to turn to the corresponding part of an edition like old Taubmann's, who tells us little about Pastoral, except that, in the opinion of "the great Scaliger," they had originated "vel Nature impulsu,—vel avicularum imitatione,—vel arborum sibilis."

In Mr. Conington's opinion, the real greatness of Virgil is that of an artist. The passage in which he urges this view contains some admirable remarks, and we make no apology for quoting it pretty liberally:—

"It is as an artist that Virgil appears chiefly to challenge our admiration, as in his other works, so also in the *Bucolics*. The language, indeed, which he puts into the mouths of his pastoral personages is, for the most part, as undramatic as the thoughts which that language expresses are conventional and unreal. In a very few instances he attempts to produce an appearance of rusticity by an archaism, a proverb, a conversational ellipsis, a clumsy circumlocution; even there, however, he seems to be copying Theocritus, rather than following the nature which he had seen around him, and the strain in which his shepherds usually converse is scarcely less elaborate than the ordinary diction of the *Georgics* or the *Aeneid*. So in the practice of the Greek poets the bucolic hexameter had a structure of its own: as handled by Virgil it does not differ from the didactic or the epic. Yet a more poetical people than the Romans might be pardoned if they forgot their sense of dramatic propriety in the delight with which they welcomed such specimens of language and versification as those which the *Eclogues* everywhere exhibit. The tedious labour of the file, the absence of which is deplored by Horace as fatal to the excellence of Roman poetry, had at last found an artist who would submit to it without complaining. The finished excellence of his workmanship is a fact which will not be readily impeached or overlooked, though its importance may easily be underrated. We are apt, perhaps, not sufficiently to consider what is involved in the style or diction of poetry. We distinguish sharply between the general conception and the language, as if the power which strikes out the one were something quite different from the skill which elaborates the other. No doubt there is a difference between the two operations, and one which must place a poet like Virgil at a disadvantage as compared with the writers whom he followed; but it would be a mistake to suppose that imagination may not be shown in the words which embody a thought as well as in the thought which they embody. To express a thought in language is in truth to express a larger conception by the help of a number of smaller ones; and the same poetical faculty which originates the one may well be employed in producing the other. It is not merely that the adaptation of the words to the thought itself requires a poet's sense, though this is much; but that the words themselves are images, each possessing, or capable of possessing, a beauty of its own, which need not be impaired, but may be illustrated and set off, by its relative position, as contributing to the development of another and more complex beauty. It is not necessary that these words, in order to be poetical, should be picturesque in the strict sense of the term; on the contrary, it may suit the poet's object to make a physical image retire into the shade, not advance into prominent light: but the imagination will still be appealed to, whatever may be the avenue of approach—by the effect of perspective, by artful juxtaposition, by musical sound, or perhaps, as we have already seen, by remote intellectual association. The central thought may be borrowed or unreal, yet the subordinate conceptions may be true and beautiful, whether the subordination be that of a paragraph to an entire poem, a sentence to a paragraph, or a phrase or word to a sentence. It is, I conceive, to a perception of this fact, and not to a deference to any popular or

mechanical notion of composition, that the praise of style and execution in poetry is to be referred. Poetry is defined by Coleridge to be the best words in their right places; and though at the first statement his view may appear disappointing and inadequate, it will, perhaps, be found that further consideration will go far towards justifying its truth."

This is just to Virgil; and should be weighed by those who lay too much stress on the fact, that Roman literature was a literature based on Imitation. Virgil was indeed a man immensely indebted to study, but how many Virgils have the innumerable students of ages furnished us? And here we may remark, that there is a kind of likeness worth noticing between Virgil and Gray. Both were shy, quiet men,—laboriously studious. Both were bachelors. Both were fond of antiquities, and elaborately fastidious about finish and style. And both had that peculiar genius which appears to demand singularly careful culture, and yet is heaven-born and original in itself,—so that their works may be compared (a little irreverently) to landscape gardening,—where rocks and water, fields and trees, are artificially modified, but are still real. After allowing for all incongruities in the *Pastorals*,—after admitting that in the *Georgics* the "smell of the lamp" makes itself felt even among the odours of the olive and the vine,—it still remains true, that they are charming poems, and we are tempted to dismiss the man who tells us of their imitations with a "Go thou, and imitate likewise!"

The annotation of this volume is most satisfactory,—copious, but not cloying. We are not wearied with repetitions of the commonplace information which is equally required for almost all ancient authors, and which commentators hand over to each other as schoolboys pass the mark. Yet, difficulties are fairly grappled with, and niceties are pointed out, and the work is done in moderate compass and in neat, perspicuous language. We have remarked especially some very refined observations here and there on special expressions of the poet,—observations which confirm us in our opinion that philosophical acuteness is the leading characteristic of the editor's mind. Altogether, this is a high-class edition. It appeals to an audience above that to which most editions are addressed; and (as we remarked of Mr. Long's 'Cicero') ought to find its way among those who keep up their classical reading, in active life, for its own sake. We shall be glad to see the *Aeneid* at a day as early as the avocations of the Latin Professor of Oxford permit.

*Belle Brittan on a Tour, at Newport, and here and there.* (New York, Derby & Jackson.)

THROUGH the chief cities of the Union, Belle Brittan dashes like Miss Kiemansegg down Piccadilly. The only difference is, that when Belle is run away with, by her pen, her imagination, her sense or non-sense of propriety, by her capriciousness, or her fun, she makes no screams about it as Hood's lady did,—she likes it! The faster and wilder she is carried along, the more loudly she laughs,—the swifter she passes, the more vivaciously she smacks her whip across the eyes or shoulders of the wondering spectators. The more the steed pulls, the greater her ecstasy,—the higher her habit is blown, the higher too the echo of her glee; and when horse and rider come down together, at last, or now and then, rather, with a crash, she adjusts her petticoats leisurely over her handsome legs, and shaking her ringlets, asks if it's not "jolly good fun." Such is bonny Belle on a tour.

Buxom Belle at Newport is quite as "fast," though dismounted. She has changed her



dress, but her habit is the same. She touches on everything. Nevertheless, "charming, impudent, but willing, Belle Brittan," as an admirer calls her (him or it), mingles sentimentalism with her frolicsomeness; and, with spring chickens, the United States on horseback, swimming ladies, and steam hurdy-gurdys, touches in a tol-de-rol sort of style on having revealed to her, for the first time, "the solemn mysteries and sweet secrets of life." Such is buxom Belle at Newport.

Blooming Belle "here and there" describes herself. You meet her, where you least expect to find her; a thump on the back expels the very breath from your body, and when you turn to resent the affront, you find this likely young wench red as a peony with laughter. Astounding is the society into which this sprightly damsel leads you. All is jollification, and carousing, and clattering of glasses, and push-along-keep-moving, and Americans of Young America, and fun that tires considerably, till, putting her arm within that of Neptune, whom she tickles in the ribs, she takes him for a protector, and pronounces him a steady, solemn, sublime, and highly respectable old fellow. Such is blooming Belle "here and there."

Bonny, buxom, and blooming,—a girl of strong mind, or a youth in petticoats, nothing daunts Belle. She begins every first appearance of hers with a joke or a sarcasm, like Mr. Merriam when he tumbles into the ring, or those merry-melancholy gentlemen in pantomimes when they develop from grotesque potentates into thick-painted, heavy-joking clowns. She dashes off on her tour with a very wench's jest at the people of the States, at whose supposed illegitimacy she takes a fling by calling them the children of a wifeless father—the President Buchanan. Her first letter from Newport cuts a joke at the "virtuous sheets" to which the offspring of her travel will be consigned; and when she opens her career, "here and there," there is more of this peculiar frolicsomeness upon sheets, and hussey-like oaths about husbands, and a hoydenish sort of assurance that she will do as she pleases, say what she will, and come in what dress she likes,—"slippers or gaiters, in loose dress or full, in dimity or in diamonds, but never tight-laced nor straight-laced,"—all which introductory rattle is, as she defines it, a "taking one's things off," before she sweeps into the presence and astonishes the public by her exceeding liveliness. When we add, that Belle gives us an index without any paging being noted, our readers perhaps will infer that Belle's husband may have a shirt, but that he is not particularly likely to find buttons upon it.

From the letters of this lady, who taps St. Paul on the cheek, assuring him that he is her model hero of a Christian man, we take Belle's views of her sister-women at Washington:—

"A word touching the great and all-engrossing topic of dress may not be uninteresting to your fair readers. As I have before written, the New-York ladies, as a general rule, are the best dressed ladies in Washington. In this respect we are hard to beat. Not that we wear richer fabrics or costlier jewels. *Tout au contraire*, some of our Southern belles beat us in their nightly display of laces and diamonds, and in 'low necks and short sleeves.' But the more tonnish of our New-York ladies, whatever fondness they may have for precious stones and spider web trimmings, think it vulgar always to wear them. And as to 'low necks,' we leave them to 'low people.' In the presence of certain distinguished ladies here, I have felt grateful for the use of a pink fan to conceal my blushes.

Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow, &c.

—Now, do not think me squeamish or prudish. I

am not a bit of it. But there is a time and a place for all things; and a miscellaneous gathering of promiscuous people is not the proper time and place for a stunning exhibition of a beautiful bosom. One of the brightest looking and most sweetly dressed young ladies I have met here, is the graceful, bright-eyed, dignified daughter of the late Judge Woodbury, of New-Hampshire. I have only seen her in immaculate white, and with only her swan-like throat bare. But her 'courtship' in the Lancers would take me off my feet if I were —; but I am not."

Here are other ladies at St. Louis:—

"The society of St. Louis, judging from what I saw at a wedding jam, is decidedly metropolitan, almost cosmopolitan. Many of the young ladies have been educated in New York, and at the bridal gathering, at which I had the pleasure of 'assisting,' I met three or four opening flowers who had just graduated from M<sup>me</sup> Oakhill's and M<sup>me</sup> Canda's, with all the airs and graces of those 'model institutions.' One of these was pointed out as the greatest heiress of Missouri, worth more than her weight in gold, and pretty and accomplished besides. Her temporal as well as her eternal charms (by the natural law of gravitation) surrounded her with admirers. The mode of entertainment struck me as somewhat novel, as well as liberal and expansive. The bride is the only daughter of a distinguished lawyer; and, although his house is a very good-sized one, yet, wishing to accommodate the multitude of his friends, he borrowed the use of the adjoining house, and gave his guests the freedom of both. Still, as I have said, the party was a jam—a caution to crinoline—and the dancing was kept up vigorously until five o'clock in the morning. The bride was not beautiful, but bright-eyed and intelligent, and she went through her rôle with as much self-possession as though she had been married a dozen times. Many of the ladies were pretty, two or three were handsome. Nearly all, old and young, mothers and maidens, married the effect of their symmetries, and hid the beauty of their hair, by most elaborate and unartistic devices called 'head-dresses.' Take a look at Grecian statuary, ladies, and unartificialize yourselves in this particular. There is no ornament for the head of woman like the 'natural glory' of a clean, soft, simply arranged head of hair. If I were a man, I should always feel as if I would like to put my hand on such a head, smooth it, pet it, kiss it, and ask a blessing on it. But a huge mass of braided conceits stuck full of pins, ribbons, and artificial flowers, looking like a spread eagle in front, and a spread peacock behind, smelling of grease and curling-tongs—ugh!"

The Mississippi has rather impudent treatment at Belle's hands:—

"I shall not attempt to describe the majestic monotony of this mighty river—the sewer of a hundred cities—the grand alimentary canal of a continent. The vast valley through which it flows seems to me like a new creation; and its porous cottonwood forests, that line its banks for a thousand miles, look like the arboreal experiments of nature, preparatory to more useful and ornamental production. The cities we have passed—Cairo, Memphis, Vicksburg, and Natchez—disappoint me in size and appearance, and the scattered and ragged-looking cotton plantations wear a dreary, lonely aspect. Our captain, a fine-looking man, six feet four, who is both gal-lant and gallant, has done all he could to make the trip a pleasant one, and his name-sake and clerk has been most gentlemanly and attentive. The fare has been good; and Hannah, the chambermaid, with her low, soft, sympathetic voice, most assiduous in her attentions. The principal entertainments have been afforded us by the variety of cargo taken in at the numerous landings; and among other 'goods' a drove of hogs, which it took an army of darkies a couple of hours to persuade on board, afforded infinite fun. It was pig vs. nig., and such a grotesque struggle I have never seen. The gentlemen in the forward cabin have also had their own fun by playing off a practical joke upon 'Jo,' the barkeeper. Jo is a good-looking wag, who is rather fond of playing good-natured 'tricks

upon travelers'; and the clerk of the boat has been watching an opportunity to pay him in his own coin, and this is the way the thing was done:—Among the live-stock on board there is a flock of nine hundred sheep, penned up as closely as they can stand. The clerk, complaining that he was liable to be cheated in the fare by a mis-count, proposed that the sheep should all be marked and numbered. The job was a difficult and a disagreeable one. But the ever ready and obliging Jo volunteered for the task, and with brush and marking-pot in hand, descended into the woolly mass, and proceeded to business. When he had got fairly at work, the captain tipped the wink to the passengers, and all went down to witness the performance. There stood Jo in the centre of the flock, with his coat-tails tucked up under his arms, his face at a red heat, and looking bewildered at the task before him, with a faint glimmering perception of the joke, that it would be just as difficult to count the sheep after they were marked as before. The party of spectators broke into a roar of laughter, and Jo looking a little 'sheepish,' but taking the joke very good-naturedly, hurried out of the pen with all possible haste. We have taken on board two small droves of negroes, one of ten, boys and girls, mostly the latter, bought in Richmond for a plantation near Vicksburg. They cost the owner, all expenses included, about ten hundred and fifty dollars a head. I asked the best-looking girl of the lot her name. She said it was Cinderella, (slaves, like the early Christians, have but one name,) and that her master had bought them for his own use. I asked what that meant, and she said to work on his plantation, and not to sell again. They all seemed perfectly satisfied with their emigration to Louisiana. Another lot of twenty were taken on board lower down the river, and were on their way to the New-Orleans market to be sold, all except one, a mulatto girl, who seemed to be the travelling companion of the owner, and would return with him. One fellow became obstreperous, and had to be put in irons. Among the objects of interest on the river, none excites more attention than the lowly mansion of General Taylor, at Baton Rouge. It is a mere cottage, and a very humble one at that; but as the home of a President of the United States, it gives a historical character to the place, and the traveller watches for it with eager curiosity. From Baton Rouge to New Orleans, a distance of over a hundred and twenty miles, the sugar plantations line both sides of the river, and the green fields, green trees, with here and there clumps of orange groves, rich in fruits and blossoms, make one feel that the people of Louisiana, like the cuckoo, need have

No sorrow in their song,  
No winter in their year."

Here is Belle—with a hint at the end—at Newport:—

"Well, I went to the 'Hop' at the 'Fillmore,' and achieved a belle's ambition—'dancing every time,' but with the same partner, Pa having consented to my waltzing with cousin Charles. You know the most fastidious of fathers always consent to the cousinly intimacies involved in these fashionable dances. Do you know it is the custom here for a lady to take a dancing gentleman with her to the hop, on whom she leans and relies as her partner for the evening? There is very little promiscuous dancing here; and the only way to 'keep the floor' is to have a partner constantly on hand. Everybody voted the Fillmore hop a perfect success. It was the best attended; and the ladies looked their prettiest. The room (the dining saloon) was brilliantly lighted; and there was a rich display of fringes and flounces, of necks and necklaces. A very superb-looking lady from New Orleans wore a bouquet of diamonds, pearls, and precious stones, which, 'they say,' cost 20,000 dollars! It made all lesser trinkets 'pale their ineffectual fires.' It is no use trying to eclipse everything. Be as brilliant and extravagant as you will, some provoking Madame Allcash will be sure to outshine and outdash you. This dressing for show is a rather costly and unsatisfactory business. What a pity it cannot be dispensed with altogether! I should like to live in a planet where costume would grow upon us; where we could leaf



out and bloom out, like vines and lilies; and where children could be gathered from the trees like peaches. Who knows but we shall be 'put through a course of sprouts,' similar to this in some of the worlds to come! \* \* Now, I am going to tantalize the disciples of 'Old Isaac,' by giving a brief account of the sport we had in fishing yesterday; and let me say in advance, that every word of my 'fish story' is true. Accepting an invitation from Mr. Henry Ludlam, a fine specimen of a true Virginia gentleman whom I met at the hop, we started yesterday about 12 o'clock for the 'Fishing Grounds.' The party consisted of four gentlemen, and no more ladies than that number of gentlemen usually desire to have with them on such an excursion. I am not going to tell where we went—only that we fished sitting, or standing, on *terra firma*, and caught as many twelve pounders as we cared to take home in two waggons; and blue fish at that, the strongest and gamiest fish that swims. I now perfectly understand the force of the common expression, as 'wide awake as a blue fish.' My arms are positively lame from pulling them in. Mr. Ludlam, who is the most expert and artistic fisherman in Newport, taught me how to put on the bait, and then all that was wanting was skill to throw the line, and strength to pull in the beautiful finnies, looking so sweet in their white vests and blue coats, with distended gills that looked like red ruffles. Oh, it was 'fun alive!' In the evening, after returning, Mr. Ludlam gave us a splendid fish supper, when I learned a new sensation—the exquisite pleasure of eating the game of one's own catching. To-day, the breakfast and dinner tables of the 'Ocean House' have abounded in unwonted piscatory luxuries—the fruit of our yesterday's doings. I no longer marvel at the angling mania, having been fairly bitten with it in the glorious success of yesterday. I don't know but I should like to enlist for a three months' fishing voyage for mackerel, cod, or even for whale, as I am inclined to think the larger the game the greater the sport. P.S. Ladies who go fishing should leave their hoops at home, as sitting in them on the rocks is as hard as sitting on a gridiron."

A Bachelors' Ball, and what Belle thought of it:—

"Bravo, Bellevue Bachelors! You did the handsome thing last night. That brilliant ball was a regular ecliptic. Such dressing and undressing of beautiful women was never before seen in Newport. The fine saloon was crowded; and the tasteful pink decorations, with pyramids of gas-fixtures in the corners, lighted up the scene, as the Italians say, a *giorno*. Sister and I had between us a couple of beaux, fresh from New York, who kept us from feeling alone in the crowd, and helped us bountifully to the 'chicken finix' and other things. The affair was unanimously voted a great success, and only cost the Bachelors who gave it a V apiece. Some of the costumes were magnificent beyond my power of description. One dress, in particular, worn by a fine-looking 'mother of ten children' was perfectly stunning—the admiration of all the gentlemen, if not the envy of all the ladies. It was the richest pattern of moire antique (in red and white) that I have ever seen. The splendour of the bodice was subdued by a lace bertha of misty fineness; and the whole effect, including about a pint of diamonds poured over all, was dazzlingly brilliant. Or, as Mrs. Partington would say, 'the *tout en scramble* was perfectly munificent.' But the oddest whim exhibited in the way of ornament was a head-dress, composed of gold pieces about the size of a half-eagle. I did not count them up, but I should think there was at least a hundred dollars' worth attached to the young lady's hair by fine gold chains, and dangling around her neck and ears. It was decidedly a *distingué* conceit; and reminded me of a man I once saw in New Orleans, who was adorned all over with gold coins of all sizes. But the pretty young lady who wore them looked like an Indian Princess in her barbaric ornaments; and surely the fashion has economy to recommend it. Unlike most other feminine trinkets, it will always be worth what it cost. Another fine-looking New York lady wore in her hair imitation ears of Indian

corn, as large and as natural as life. My 'private beau,' who, from his long habit of writing for the 'Knickerbocker,' is always on the scent of a pun, very gravely whispered in my ear that there was one beauty in the room decidedly 'corned.' But the fair lady need not be ashamed to 'acknowledge the corn.' Her ornament was original, national, and becoming; and she looked handsome enough for the embodiment of the great 'maize institution,' so beautifully embalmed 'in the Song of 'Hia-watha.'"

The following is perhaps written to awe the critics:—

"Since the discharge and departure of Mrs. Woodman, the gossips have had their tongues tickled by an affair 'in fashionable life,' as it is called, in which Miss \*\*\*\*\* a dashing young *prima donna* in one of our fashionable churches, appears as the party of the first part, and a fashionable young man the party of the second part. It seems that the gentleman had 'taken the small liberty,' as the Frenchman said when he kissed his wife, of making some offensive remarks touching the character and habits of the damsel aforesaid. Whereupon the lady Louisa dresses herself for the occasion, calls for a carriage, picks up a female friend to see the fun, and rides up and down Broadway, holding a neat little 'rod in pickle,' on the look out for the offender. She espied him near the 'Bowling Green,' and, on stepping out of the carriage, proceeded to apply the cowhide to her trader, to the satisfaction of both parties. The question discussed among the young men's clubs is—How ought a gallant gentleman to act in a similar situation? To strike back is out of the question; to run away is cowardly; to seize the weapon might involve a hard struggle and close embrace. What, then, is to be done! If the woman is pretty, kiss her; if not, absquatulate with all possible despatch."

Not knowing much more what to make of Belle Brittan than Sir John Contrast did of Moll Flagon, we too, will "absquatulate" with decent despatch,—leaving Belle to the judgment of her readers, and only speaking decisively on one point:—viz., that we hope Mr. Charles Mackay's heart is safe, or Belle, by cajolery, flattery, puffing, or caressing, will certainly be off with it. But Mr. Mackay knows Belle Brittan, we suspect, too well to be in this peril.

*Six Months in British Burmah; or, India beyond the Ganges in 1857.* By Christopher T. Winter. (Bentley.)

INSTEAD of a diffuse narrative, Mr. Winter has compressed his notes of a six months' residence in British Burmah into a manual form. His personal adventures occupy a comparatively few pages, followed by a series of chapters on the administration, inhabitants, birds, beasts, reptiles, products, climate, language, religion, and history of the province. The volume has its characteristic merit, as being a neat and comprehensive description of a very interesting country not yet exhausted by the enthusiasm of travellers. What Mr. Winter has to say of the picturesque region in which he made his journey refers to a normal state of life and manners; and pleasantly does he sketch a succession of landscapes, groups, and brilliant Asiatic interiors, separated by a great gulf from all beyond the line of the Ganges. Of the revolt, indeed, he never heard until the middle of June, and then only by accident,—for it might easily have occurred, he says, that Tavoy and Mergui should have been told of the Delhi massacre by the Bombay Correspondence in a London newspaper. Here, then, the European may wander safe from "the latest intelligence,"—glancing at the rocks on the coast where the sea-swallows hang their nests,—or at the pagodas in the interior, dotting the meadows where the gigantic slate-coloured buffalo points its Parthian horns at destiny.

The world of Burmah is, in one sense, primeval; but in another far too modern for poetry, since the Sphinx in the field is detected with eyes made of green bottle-glass from the stout-ware-houses of Dublin. Amid this agreeable blending of antiquity and vulgarity, Mr. Winter passed an entertaining half-year, studying the native myths, peeping into temples, joining the people in their festivals and amusements, and transcribing ancient inscriptions. Upon one occasion he copied a legend engraven on a bell in pure Burman-English:—

"This bell is made by Koo-na-linn-guh-yah, the priest . . . and the weight 600 viss. No one body design to destroy this bell. Maulmain, March 30, 1855. He who destroyed to this bell, they must be in the great hell (hell) and unable to coming out."

The people of Burmah have long been celebrated among the populations of the East for their philosophy in matters of religion. Mr. Winter says:—

"In fact, the Burman makes his god even such an one as himself—a laughter-loving, jovial being, much given to amusement and social intercourse. And as he connects very little solemnity with his religion, so he appears devoid of any feeling of sanctity as regards his temples and religious edifices. Fanaticism, too, would appear to find no place in his belief. His temples may be freely entered, and his objects of worship examined by the stranger in race and infidel in creed, without calling forth any evidence of dislike or outraged religious feeling."

Golden tints are added to the picture, for from religious philosophy we pass to social content. The description, however, applies only to a particular town, Tavoy:—

"In this little town Burman life and manners are seen in all their simplicity; and the observer cannot but be struck by the frugality, contentment, happiness, and enjoyment of life manifested by the people. All appear well off, and have silks and gold ornaments at their command. None are very rich and none are very poor. The painful contrast of wealth, luxury, and gorgeous display with squalid poverty, suffering, and want, so often exhibited in more highly-civilized countries, is here unknown. All have enough, and are contented with that sufficiency. The Burman eats his rice and ngapee, his staple food, chews his betel-nut, smokes his cigar, constructs his simple dwelling, and acts most fully on the divine aphorism that 'sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.' In the evenings the young men, who are athletic and well made, assemble in the streets and play at football, at which they are very expert; indeed, I have often witnessed scenes that have reminded me forcibly of lines in Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village.'"

But barbarity must have its outlet in one direction or another. The natives tattoo themselves until their legs resemble the bodies of serpents, and, while operated upon, are so heavily drugged with opium that they sometimes die of the dose. Their ladies wear only little skirts open on one side so as to exhibit all the beauty of the limb, weave elegant flowers among their jet-black tresses, and append "barbaric gold" or civilized pinchbeck to the lobes of their ears. In the month the Burman maiden places a cigar—and is perfect:—

"Smoking is universal amongst men, women, and children. Even infants at the breast are sometimes seen tugging hard at a cigar."

Mr. Winter is an artist in more than the ordinary sense; we have here, for example, a well-sketched scene:—

"The cawing of the ubiquitous crow, the cooing of the turtle-dove in the lone wood, the tinkle of the wooden bell attached to the neck of the huge buffalo, which may be seen cooling his hide in the soft mud of the paddy fields—all give a charm to these country solitudes. The gilded spires of a thousand towering pagodas flash in the first rays of the rising sun, and the soft music of the little

bells that are hung around the top is wafted on the breeze. Fruit-women, aged crones, and budding maidens, with baskets on their heads, and with stick in hand to keep off the crows, are wending their way to the township; while huge elephants stalk along the road in the same direction."

He has much to tell of the brilliant living creatures of this ultra-Oriental realm,—of the giant butterfly and the pink-eared bulbul,—of fish that sometimes crawl on land,—of the dreadful python,—and of the chameleon beetle, the wings of which are valued by Karen damsels as decoration for the hair. Afterwards, he dives into aboriginal fable, bringing up the following 'Story of the Potter and the Washer-man':—

"In the olden time, during the era of Thoomoyd-ha, a potter conceived an evil design against a washerman, who lived with considerable ostentation, and, being unable to bear the sight of the wealth which the latter had acquired by washing clothes, he determined to come to an open rupture with him. With this view he went to the King, and said, 'Your Majesty's royal elephant is black; but, if you were to order the washerman to wash it white, would you not become lord of the white elephant?' This speech was not made from any zeal for the King's advantage, but because he thought that if the order was given to the washerman according to his suggestion, and the elephant should not turn white after all, the fortune of the washerman would come to an end. The King, on hearing the representation of the potter, took for granted it was sincere, and, being deficient in wisdom, he, without consideration, sent for the washerman and ordered him to wash the royal elephant white. The washerman, seeing through the potter's design, replied, 'Our art requires that, in order to bleach cloth, we should first put it in a boiler with soap and water, and then rub it well. In this manner only can Your Majesty's elephant be made white.' The King considering that it was a potter's business, and not a washerman's, to make pots, called for the potter, and said to him, 'Beh, you potter, a pot is required to lather my elephant in; go and make one large enough for the purpose.' The potter on receiving this order collected together all his friends and relations; and, after they had accumulated a vast quantity of clay, he made a pot big enough to hold the elephant, which on completion he laid before the King, who delivered it over to the washerman. The washerman put in soap and water; but, as soon as the elephant placed his foot upon it, it broke in pieces. After this the potter made many others, but they were either too thick, so that the water could not be made to boil in them, or too thin, so that the first pressure of the elephant's foot smashed them to pieces. In this manner being constantly employed he was unable to attend to his business, and so he was utterly ruined. Therefore, such as aim at the destruction of others will find that their weapons will fail to reach those whom they intended, and will only recoil upon their own heads. Although a person be ever so poor, he ought not to design evil against others. Men who are guilty of treacherous actions should be avoided."

Not among the *Gesta Romanorum* could a more edifying tale be found, pointed with a more excellent moral. Readers interested in old and new fashions of civilization beyond the Ganges will find Mr. Winter's volume most lively and informing.

*Law and Lawyers: a Sketch-Book of Legal Biography, Gossip, and Anecdote.* By Archer Polson. (Routledge & Co.)

Possibly the eloquent and keen-witted squadron of talkers that pour over England "on circuit" might sing the chorus of "Old Joe" over every one of Mr. Polson's pages. Even to ourselves, who are far less versed in class pleasantries and class anecdotes, many of his stories are familiar—derived from the biographies of the past

quarter of a century. This book is a fair shilling's worth, nevertheless: not a bad salad of stories—served up with a condiment which can offend no one's taste. His speculations are not impertinent, though they do not always convince us; as—for instance—those on the pre-eminent agreeableness of lawyers as links or leaders of society:—

"Lord Grenville said that he never met with a lawyer at a dinner party but he felt certain the conversation would take a rational and improving turn. Sir Walter Scott says in his Diary that 'a barrister of extended practice, if he has any talents at all, is the best companion in the world.' The late Mr. Ward, in his admirable 'Illustrations of Human Life,' makes one of his favourite characters complain that 'he is never in the company of a lawyer but he fancies himself in a witness-box.' This is hardly the case. Taking them as a body, lawyers see much of life, and are constantly brought in contact with the best society. Their pursuits give them a great insight into the springs of human action; indeed, human character is as much their study as human laws."

The above is true; if such a thing as advocacy (which is the life and breath of a lawyer's being) is allowed for,—supposing "point" and "plea," and "taking the wrong side for argument's sake," can be laid aside,—when discussion and discursive conversation are the order of the day—then, indeed, a well-instructed lawyer is a charming companion.—Being quiet and homekeeping persons, we confess to having a weakness for the talk of sailors, whose wits are nearly as much exercised as those of Bar and Bench. We have remarked an honesty and freshness, an enjoyment of shore society (rarely spoiled by the fevers and affectations of lionism), among the men of the sea, as a body, which gives every anecdote a welcome raciness and originality.—"Your Engineer," again, is not amiss by way of company, especially if he have travelled.—Why is "your Painter" so often (even when celebrated) a poor talker? To return to lawyers, we find the author citing "Mr. Hawkins's graphic description of the *début* in the Court of King's Bench of that illustrious scholar and profound jurist, Sir William Jones," as an "instance of the ignorance of the world, which has characterized some of our most eminent lawyers." Nay more, what but the same story is told on a foot-note in an intermediate page? There it is said—

"that Gifford displayed, during the Queen's trial, so much ignorance of foreign manners, that some one present, at the time he was conducting the examination of one of the witnesses, said that he presumed the Attorney-General had never read a book of travels in his life."

Mr. Polson's tales of rudeness, tyrannical abuse, and repartee that would draw blood were they launched across a mess-table instead of a bar, were very numerous:—

"When Lord Mansfield was a schoolboy at Westminster, Lady Kinnoul invited him to spend one of the vacations with her. One day, going into the room where he was sitting, she found him 'musing in sorrowful mood,' with a pen in his hand. She asked him whether he was writing his theme, and what in plain English the theme was. 'What's that to you?' replied Murray, quickly.—'How can you be so rude?' said her ladyship: 'I asked you a civil question, and did not expect so pert an answer.'—'Indeed, my lady,' rejoined the young wit, 'I can give you no other answer—what is that to you? The theme was *Quid ad te pertinet?*'"

And here is a civility which may be said to have had no fair leg to stand on:—

"On the Norfolk circuit, Lee was retained for the plaintiff in an action for breach of promise of marriage: when the brief was brought him, he inquired whether the lady for whose injury he was to seek redress was good-looking. 'Very handsome, indeed, sir!' was the assurance of Helen's

attorney.—'Then, sir,' replied Lee, 'I beg you will request her to be in court, and in a place where she can be seen.' The attorney promised compliance; and the lady, in accordance with Lee's wishes, took her seat in a conspicuous place. Lee, in addressing the jury, did not fail to insist with great warmth on the 'abominable cruelty' which had been exercised towards 'the lovely and confiding female' before them, and did not sit down until he had succeeded in working up their feelings to the desired point. The counsel on the other side, however, speedily broke the spell with which Lee had enchanted the jury, by observing that his learned friend in describing the graces and beauty of the plaintiff had not mentioned one fact, namely, that the lady had a wooden leg! The Court was convulsed with laughter, while Lee, who was ignorant of this circumstance, looked aghast; and the jury, ashamed of the influence that mere eloquence had had upon them, returned a verdict for the defendant."

From among "the flowers of bad language" collected in this book we will cull only a few:—

"Sir John Sylvester, who was for a long time Common Serjeant and Recorder of London, rendered himself exceedingly obnoxious by his coarseness, the violence of his temper, and his utter disregard of the rules of courtesy. It has actually been said that he used to call the prisoners' calendar 'a bill of fare.' A judge not long deceased, whose personal character and learning were above reproach, and who, in all other ways, was a credit to the Bench, without imitating Sylvester's vulgarity, was in the habit of giving way to his temper in a manner not at all consistent with the stateliness of his office. He once addressed a counsel, who was opening the pleadings, 'Mr. —, how you mumble!'—'Now I hope to-day,' he observed to the Bar one morning, on circuit, on taking his seat, 'that you will remember that you are gentlemen!'—'Mr. —, on another occasion, he said to a very eminent barrister, 'you are a very learned man in your profession, but you are a very obstinate one. You say that you submit, when you don't submit at all, but keep your own opinion. What is the use of saying you bow, when you don't bow?'—'Mr. —, you have opened your case in the most bungling manner I ever saw in my life.'—'Really, Mr. —, you hang down your head like a school-boy.' \* \* At the Salisbury assizes, where he was presiding in the Crown Court, a man was convicted of having stolen a sack of oats. He was sentenced by the judge to imprisonment for eighteen months, and to be kept at hard labour. As he was leaving the dock, he turned round and addressed the judge with an impudent grin, 'I say, my lord, how am I to get my wages for my labour?' The judge immediately ordered him to be brought back, and changed his punishment to three years' transportation."

Let us now string together a miscellaneous anecdote or two:—

"A learned Baron of the Exchequer, one of the ablest lawyers we can boast, is well known as the humourist of the Bench; and yet there is none who is looked up to by the Bar with more esteem and respect. Some time back he was dining at one of the city feasts, at which, as is not infrequently the case, there was so great a noise after dinner, as rendered the toastmaster's voice almost inaudible. This worthy, instead of giving 'the army' and 'navy' together, separated the two services; when, therefore, the second toast was drunk, the Attorney-General, supposing it was 'the Bar' which was proposed, rose to return thanks. Mr. Baron —, being fortunately placed, perceived and enjoyed the learned gentleman's mistake. 'Mr. Attorney, Mr. Attorney,' said he, smiling, 'give me leave to tell you, navy is not spelt with a K!'"

"Ego" Erskine, who used to boast that he had tried two other professions ere he adventured at the bar, with his fancies anything but legal (among others, a passion for collecting geraniums),—his complimentary tiltings with Dr. Parr,—his rapid success,—his brilliant eloquence,—of course furnish some of the liveliest pages in this *olla*. Are the following new, or merely unremembered, *faciæ*?—



"Mr. Espinasse was conversing in court with Erskine and a Mr. Lamb, when Erskine remarked how much habit and the practice of speaking gave a man confidence in addressing the Court. 'I protest I don't find it so,' said Mr. Lamb, 'for though I've been a good many years at the bar, and have had my share of business, I don't find my confidence increase; indeed, the contrary is rather my case.'—'Why,' replied Erskine, 'it's nothing wonderful that a *Lamb should grow sheepish*.'—One night Erskine was coming out of the House of Commons when he was stopped by a member going in, who accosted him, 'Who's up, Erskine?'—'Windham,' was the reply.—'What's he on?'—'His legs.'—Erskine was colonel of the volunteer corps called 'The Law Association.' Some one wishing to quiz him, told him that his corps was much inferior to the Excise Volunteers, then notoriously the worst in London. 'So they ought to be,' good-humouredly observed Erskine, 'seeing that the Excise people are all Cæsars (seizers).' \* \* Dr. Parr and Erskine were fond of bandying compliments amongst each other. Parr once told the latter that, if he survived him, he would write his epitaph. 'You are wrong to say that, doctor,' replied Erskine, 'for you hold out to me an inducement to commit suicide!'"

The last pun but one hardly rises above the shallow level of modern burlesque.

Sir Vicary Gibbs, we are again here reminded, was dreary when he meant to be droll:—

"Having but little humour and no wit, his efforts to appear jocose were ludicrous enough. They provoked laughter, it is true; but the laugh was *at*, not *with*, him. A clergyman, refused by his diocesan a licence to a lectureship, on the ground he had preached against Infant Baptism, applied to the King's Bench for a mandamus, filing at the same time affidavits to the effect that his preaching had induced many people to bring their infants to the font who had not done so before. This denial reminded him, the Attorney-General observed, of a nurse, who, in cutting some bread and butter for a child, happened to let the bread fall, and exclaimed, in a pet, 'rot the loaf'; the child reported the exclamation to the mother, when the nurse not only denied the words, but declared she had said 'bless the bread.'"

After giving one more saying, by a celebrity still living,—and, like "the busy bee," still improving each shining hour,—we will bring our pilferings from Mr. Polson's pleasantries to a close:—

"The premier [then Mr. Canning] is said to have offered the place of Chief Baron of the Exchequer to Mr. Brougham, who refused it on the ground that it would prevent his sitting in Parliament. 'True,' was the reply, 'but you will then be only one stage from the woollack.'—'Yes,' returned Brougham, 'but the horses will be off.'"

The above, we think, may give the reader a sufficiently just idea of the nature and properties of this volume. Be they old or new, we repeat that the collection of them is a pleasant, if not a splendid, shilling's worth of paper, print, and paste for the railway reader.

#### NEW NOVELS.

*Five Years of It.* 2 vols. By Alfred Austin. (Hope.)—The author announces in the preface that 'Five Years of It' "has been twice re-written." The result is not so satisfactory as might have been hoped. There is evidence of talent and capability; but the actual achievement under notice is crude and incomplete. The imitation of Bulwer's style and manner is obtrusive and unpleasant; but the author has not caught the consummate skill with which Bulwer arranges his story, links his incidents, and manages his drama. The story of 'Five Years of It' seems to be the wreck of something longer and more ambitious:—it has become shadowy and indistinct,—the different episodes have been pared down until they have lost all body and substance. There is, however, a spirit and vitality about the book,—a freshness which argues well for the author's success, if he will follow his own suggestions, rather than imitate the tone

and incidents in his favourite models, Bulwer and Disraeli.

*Ethel Beranger: a Novel.* 2 vols. By Caroline Giffard Phillippson. (Newby.)—There is a picture of Ethel Beranger in the beginning of this book, who looks an entirely impossible young woman, from whom neither wit nor wisdom need be expected. The book is like the heroine—it is written with an amiable self-complacency, and an affable absurdity, which makes it almost readable. In short, 'Ethel Beranger' is a very silly novel; and no reader with any respect for the value of time will expend even a few of his minutes in its perusal.

*Theodosia Ernest; or, the Heroine of Faith.*—*Theodosia Ernest; or, Ten Days' Travel in Search of the Church.* (Nashville, Graves & Co.; London, Trübner & Co.)—'Theodosia Ernest' is a Baptist controversial novel, published by the Baptist Society in America. The heroine, whose portrait may be seen in the frontispiece to the first volume, is afflicted with doubts "whether she has ever been properly baptized." Of course, as is the case in most modern religious tales, the young lady is wiser than either pastors or masters, and her mother stands no chance at all, poor woman, but is fairly silenced by her controversial daughter. All the arguments against "sprinkling," and the necessity to everlasting salvation of being "immersed in a running stream," are brought out with great force. A vast deal of talking has to be transacted before the opposite parties are converted; indeed, Miss Theodosia Ernest's lover has to undergo a brain fever, and be nursed by the young lady herself, before he can be brought to; but, eventually, all submit to their fate, and are immersed in the river. The second volume is entirely occupied in showing how all other sects and creeds fall short, and the Baptist congregation alone shows the marks of "the true Church"; as though "the Church" were that interesting "lost heir," which from the earliest period of story-books has been stolen by gypsies in its infancy, to be recognized by its distracted parents by the mark of a bluebottle fly over its left shoulder! We would be the last to ridicule conscientious convictions; still less to speak slightly of any suffering for conscience sake; but surely the broad and heavenly inheritance of Christianity is not to be cut up into sections like allotment gardens, and planted with quickest hedges of division, nor the functions of a wise Providence arrogated by any sect as the accredited agent for distributing its blessings, like coals and blankets to my lord's tenants at Christmas, which none who vote the wrong way need hope to receive. No sect can be an entire and universal religion; it is an attempt to turn Christianity into a quack medicine, or to assert that a segment is equal to the circle.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*Behind the Scenes: being the Confessions of a Strolling Player.* By Peter Paterson, late Comedian of the Theatres Royal and Rural. (Edinburgh, Mathers.)—Hunting the chamois, which is said to be so engrossing in its fascinations to those who "take it up," is a trifle by way of an influencing pursuit as compared with the *mania* for acting. The biographies of the myriads of stupid, yet harmless, persons which have been traversed and spoiled by their resolution to achieve that for which they were totally unfit, would make as useful a series of illustrations of vanity, folly, and privation as the Library of Weakness numbers.—Here is a haggard, queer book, the last words of which are—"Don't go upon the stage,"—but the effect of which will probably resemble that attributed by magistrates and criminal reformers to the Newgate Calendar; or by the heads of boys' schools to tales of shipwreck and disaster at sea.—With a touch or two of rouse on his cheeks and a handful or so of padding, just to make his limbs shapely, Mr. Paterson (Capelton was his stage name) comes bowing and smiling to the footlights, and makes a "clean breast" of his love for a vagabond life, and his inability to succeed in tragedy or comedy. He was wild as a young man, he says,—and that lost a comfortable situation.

He was excited by the flattery of false friends, who did not scruple to credit him with a real vocation for the theatre—accordingly he turned strolling player, only acting the Prodigal Son's part when the breaking of a small blood-vessel drove him back home, never, his book assures us, to tempt the chances of "the boards" again.—Mr. Paterson's practice was chiefly in Scotland,—and theatrical collectors may here and there pick out an anecdote which will add to their knowledge of stage matters in the North,—such as the notices of Mr. Murray, the gentlemanly Edinburgh manager, and of Mr. Mackay, the comic actor,—both of them patronized and befriended by Scott,—befriended, in truth, by him in the most substantial sense of the word.—We do not recollect to have seen in any story of Sir Walter's literary life and his prodigious results sufficient stress laid on his contributions to the stage. The gain which his genius realized for others cannot be tabulated, and this not merely directly in such plays as 'Rob Roy,' 'The Heart of Mid-Lothian,' and 'Guy Mannering,' (in the "Terryfication" of which, to use his own phrase, he had a hand) which have become part and parcel of Scottish drama—but indirectly in the subjects given to the foreign stage. Here and there (to return for a last word with Mr. Paterson), do we find a facetious story, not amiss after its kind—a single specimen will suffice:—"We had only one incident to talk about personal to the company, and it was really a laughable one. Walls, the prompter, who was useful on the stage, happened one evening to play the Duke in the tragedy of 'Othello,' having previously given directions to a girl of all-work who attended on the wardrobe to bring him a gill of the best whisky. Not wishing to go out, as the evening was wet, the girl employed a little boy who happened to be standing about to execute the commission, and the little fellow (no person being present to stop him), without considering the impropriety of such an act, coolly walked on to the stage and delivered his message—the state of affairs at this ridiculous juncture being exactly as follows:—The senate was assembled, and the speaker was—"

*Brabantio.*—So did I yours: Good, your grace, pardon me, Neither my place, nor ought I heard of business, Hath raised me from my bed; nor doth this general care Take hold of me; for my particular grief Is of so floodgate and overbearing nature, That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows, And is still itself.

*Duke.*—Why, what's the matter?

—Here the little boy walked on to the stage, with a pester gill-stoup, and thus delivered himself:—"It's jist the whusky, Mr. Walls, and I couldna get ony at fourpence, so yer aw'n the landl'or a penny; and he says it's time you was payin' what's doon i' the book."—Enough, perhaps, has been said to place this unpretending little book in the parlour-window of the Garrick Club.

*Traits and Stories of Anglo-Indian Life.* By Lieut.-Colonel Addison. (Smith, Elder & Co.)—We have faithfully fulfilled the duty of wading through these tiresome and absurd stories, and we cannot but express our surprise that any one should have written them, and much more that they should have found a publisher. Some half-century ago they might have gained admission into some obscure periodical; but that they should appear in these days is marvellous. If the writer has ever been in India, he must have taken great pains to keep himself ignorant of what was going on around him. Had he even read the commonest book about India, he could hardly have fallen into the astonishing blunders he commits in every page. Imagine, for example, a Brahmin named *Jessare Mahomed* and talking after this fashion:—"If debbil not fly away, how debbil missee fly to her *Chuckerah!*" Conceive, next, a pious *Mahay* porter to an English gentleman in India wrought on by a Brahmin to run a muck,—as Colonel Addison writes *amok*—and then vowing to his God to slaughter every one he meets in order to expiate his past faults. The whole thing is a tissue of nonsense. Malays are Muslims, not Hindús, and have no notion of expiating crimes when they rush out in the frantic *amok*, but strike for vengeance in the madness caused by opium. Next imagine our gallant Bombay troops contending in India with



thousands of Wahapaa Arabs, whose women, with new-born infants strapped over their shoulders, are seen flying about cutting and stabbing, some of them plying their swords even while impaled on our soldiers' bayonets! In short, imagine all the absurd things possible, and they will fall short of the absurdities of this book.

*Alzim; or, the Way to Happiness: a Poem.* By Edwin W. Simcox. (Saunders & Otley.)—This is not the first poetical adventure of Mr. Edwin Simcox. He has produced, besides, a versified translation of Fénelon's 'Telemachus.' 'Alzim' is a tale told partly in burlesque, partly in heroics; the latter being more tolerable than the former, and the whole flashing with such splendours as "epicene poets"—to quote an Irishman—attribute to Mazanderan, Ormuz, and Candahar, the courts of Eastern princes and the palaces of voluptuous viziers. It is rather difficult to discover how Alzim found his happiness at last, after a long and hot expedition very different from that of Rasselas, or whether, in fact, he arrived at his object at all; but from the closing passages we may infer that, as a wiser and a better man, he solaced himself with love, virtue and humanity.

*Chiming Trifles: a Collection of Fugitive Compositions in Verse on Subjects Grave and Gay.* By an Oxonian. (Kent & Co.)—Some of these fugitive compositions are made up of scholastic allusions, but by far the larger number of college chat. They are vivacious, and in undergraduate circles their "hits" and "points" may be appreciated, but to the general reader much that the volume contains would be unintelligible. 'The Rime of the Billiard Player,' an adaptation of 'The Ancient Mariner,' is clever in its peculiar way.

*Petronilla: and other Poems.* By F. G. Lee. (Bosworth & Harrison.)—Mr. Lee has published two or three volumes of poems, and has acquired a facility of fluent composition. That he is an admirer of Mr. Tennyson may be inferred from more than the allusion contained in the following lines:—

Deep in the country, still the hours flew by,  
Joy-sunned and fleet. We strolled about the park  
Talking of Oxford and religious "views,"  
Sat down to chess, ransacked the library,  
Turned over heaps of Venice photographs,  
Took ten-mile walks to see the churches round,  
Grew tired of fishing, argued politics,  
Or read the Laureate under broadening lines.

One afternoon pale, pensive Margaret,  
The motherless only daughter of Sir George,  
Gave us a manuscript reluctantly:  
Writing most unlike that at ladies' schools.  
Her brother read it with his back on the sword,  
And a straw boating-hat upon his face  
To cheat the sunshine. Bent knee upon knee,  
Plucking the grass and flinging it away,  
He paused to criticise kindly and with taste.

—Thus is ushered in the tale of Petronilla, a saintly lady of the olden time, whose effigy stands above "an alabastine altar." The minor pieces are pervaded by a very ecclesiastical and orthodox, not to say intolerant, tone.

*Homely Rhymes* (Edinburgh, Marsh & Beattie,) have the quality they claim—that of homeliness applied to the poetical illustration of a few devotional sentiments.—*The Fountain, and other Poems*, by Isabel C. Cholmeley (Skeet), are similarly slight, tender, and unambitious.—It is only necessary to quote the title of a volume of hymnology: *Puerorum Centum Quinquaginta Trium Canticum Centenarium, Rhythmus in D. Pauli Scholæ Auditorio Modis Admixtis Recitatus*, by Dr. Kynaston, of St. Paul's (Fellows).

The mellow autumn season, all breeze and beauty, sun and colour, has brought out a butterfly swarm of guides, some in golden covers pointing to a sea-passage and a colonial settlement; others decanting on Paris, Switzerland, or the Continent generally; and a third class tempting only to the English lakes or to the Welsh mountains. Concerning Australia we have a batch of *Descriptions* in appropriate yellow paper, published by Mr. W. Tweedie, and written by the Editor of the 'Australian and New Zealand Gazette':—*New South Wales, Victoria, Tasmania, South Australia, the Province of Wellington, and the Province of Nelson*. They are neat, brief, apparently comprehensive, and price only sixpence.—*Ho! for the West!* is a third edition of Mr. Edward Hall's *Traveller's and*

*Emigrant's Guide to Canada and the North-West of the American Union*, also issued by Mr. Tweedie,—together with a second edition of Mr. S. Hodgkinson's *Description of the Province of Canterbury, New Zealand, and Ottawa, the Future Capital of Canada*.—*New Zealand, a Handbook for Emigrants* (Algar & Street), is a sixth edition.—Among the most timely of the new Colonial guides is Mr. Dower's *Guide to British Columbia and Vancouver's Island*.—The foreign guides on our table are:—a third edition of the *Practical Swiss Guide*, "by an Englishman Abroad" (Longman & Co.);—*Practical Through Routes, a General Continental Guide* (Longman & Co.), "specially intended to accompany and connect Murray's Handbooks";—*A Practical Rhine Guide* (Longman & Co.), also "by an Englishman Abroad";—and *A Practical Paris Guide* (Longman & Co.), by the self-same Englishman.—From Messrs. Adam & Charles Black we have two elegant and enticing little volumes: *Views of the English Lakes and Views in North and South Wales*, both by Birket Foster.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Beaumont's Christian Visitor's Companion, post 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.  
Bescher's Life Thoughts of Proctor, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
Blyden's Post Tributes to Memories of Brit. Bards, cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.  
Caleb Redivivus, by Alastor, cr. 8vo. 4s. cl.  
Choice Books for the People of God, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
Clark's Popular Description of the Microscope, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
Colquhoun's Salmon-Casts and Stray Shots, 2nd ed. fc. 8vo. 5s. cl.  
Curran's Curiousities of Literature, ed. by his Son, V. 1, p. 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.  
Curran's Domestic Architecture, 2nd ed. fc. 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.  
Eva Desmond, or Mutation, 3 vols. post 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield, new edit. 32mo. 1s. 6d. cl.  
Grosley's Sermons preached at the Old Swan, 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
Gray's Anatomy, Descriptive and Surgical, royal 8vo. 25s. cl.  
Heaton's Old Soldier; Wandering Lover; & other Poems, 12mo. 3s. cl.  
Homes from the German, trans. by Dunn, 32mo. 1s. cl.  
Irwin's (Ven. H.) Remains, with Introduction by Walsh, fc. 8vo. 5s. cl.  
James's Forest Days, new edit. fc. 8vo. 1s. 6d. bds.  
James's The Woodman, new edit. fc. 8vo. 2s. bds.  
Key's Short Latin Grammar, 2nd ed. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
Larry Lynch, or Paddiana, new edit. fc. 8vo. 2s. bds.  
Learning and Cross's Gen. and Quar. Sessions of Peace, cr. 8vo. 16s.  
Liddell's Letter on Confession and Absolution, 8vo. 1s. 6d. cl.  
Love's Legends and Stories of Ireland, new edit. fc. 8vo. 3s. bds.  
Love's Natural History of British Grasses, imp. 8vo. 21s. cl.  
Mabery's Lady and the Priest, 12mo. 1s. 6d. cl.  
Manton's Isalah's Report of Mesiah, ed. by Macdonogh, fc. 8vo. 5s. cl.  
Mason on Self-Knowledge, new edit. 32mo. 1s. 6d. cl.  
Memoir of Maria \*\*\*, a Converted Jewess, 3rd ed. 12mo. 1s. cl.  
Mill's British India, by Wilson, Vol. 10, Index, post 8vo. 3s. cl.  
My Escape from Mutinies in Oudh, by a Wounded Officer, 2 v. 12s.  
Nights at Sea, & other Yarns, by the Old Sailor, n. ed. fc. 8vo. 1s. 6d.  
Powers' Thoughts in the Fields, fc. 8vo. 1s. 6d. cl.  
Physic and its Phases, by Alephron, 2nd ed. 8vo. 3s. 6d. swd.  
Railway Library, Cray's Saltwater the Immortal, fc. 8vo. 2s. bds.  
Rosa's Summer Wanderings, First Series, fc. 8vo. 3s. cl.  
Ruskin's Stones of Venice, Vol. 1, The Foundations, 2nd ed. 42s. cl.  
Sam Slick in England, by Author of 'The Clockmaker,' n. ed. 2s.  
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#### WILLIAM HENRY CURRAN.

Mr. William Henry Curran died, at Dublin, on the 25th of August. He was favourably known in the literary world by his biography of his father, the orator, and also by the 'Sketches of the Irish Bar,' in which series he was joined by Sheil. Mr. W. H. Curran's speciality was as "a literary Whig." He was a member of the Whig political party for many years,—and he watched the game of politics with keen interest. His early years were subjected to painful trials, of which he always spoke with great reserve. His father's domestic life was most unhappy; and it was always believed that Mr. W. H. Curran was treated with great harshness, on account of parental prejudices against his mother. Charles Fox, in one of his letters to the Duke of Bedford, passed some reflections on the private character of Curran,—and even Davis, an enthusiastic admirer of the orator, was compelled to admit that, by the exposures of the case in which Curran sought for damages for the seduction of his wife, "he (Curran) lost many friends." From these causes, Mr. W. H. Curran suffered most unjustly during his early manhood. But he faced the trials of life with spirit,—and receiving but little pecuniary aid from his family, and in spite of great delicacy of consti-

tution, he won a distinguished name, and realized an ample fortune. He had a high nervous temperament; and, his stomach being deficient in digestive energy, he was compelled to adopt the habits of a valetudinarian, and to be extremely particular in his diet, so that, after many years, he had all the knowledge, theoretical and practical, which distinguishes the *gastrologue*, the *gourmand*, and the *gourmet*, and his annotations on Dr. Doran's 'Table Traits' might have exceeded the text as much as Coke's Commentaries did the Tenures of Littleton. He was fastidious, but he had many fine qualities. He was a sincere friend, and he was very hospitable; keeping a carefully appointed bachelor's establishment and giving choice dinners in the style of a mirthful Apicius, where excellent things were said and offered by the humorous host, and duly swallowed by the appreciating guests. His conversation encroached too much on monologue, but the interest of some of his admirable stories more than compensated for the length of his retrospectives. From the opportunities which he possessed, and from his own talent for observation, he had accumulated a vast fund of authentic political anecdotes relating to contemporary history, and he always took great pains to be careful in his statement of facts. Much that the world would like to hear has never been truly told about Emmett and Sarah Curran, and in his last conversation with one of his literary acquaintances, he stated that "he had placed these facts on record," and we should not be surprised if even posthumous papers of an autobiographical kind were given to the world from his pen. His literary forte was as a light essayist,—he could sketch character with great ease, wrote a correct and finished style, and had much natural wit, though sometimes his efforts to carry on the firm of "Curran and Son" were too palpable. His mind, upon the whole, was more bright than powerful, for the extreme nervousness of his temperament diminished the energy of his talent. During Lord Anglesey's second Irish Viceroyalty Mr. W. H. Curran was intimately and confidentially associated with the then Viceroy; and the conduct of O'Connell in attacking Lord Anglesey, assailing the Whigs and raising the rebel cry was often bitterly commented upon by Mr. Curran, who had strong party feelings. For many years Mr. Curran was a member of the Reform Club, Pall Mall, but towards the end of his life he withdrew his name and joined Brookes's Club. His political feelings took a narrower range than in early life, and he seemed to think that Protestant Liberalism had gone quite far enough, if not too far, in Ireland. "If such things can be done with impunity, it will end in the priests choosing Queen Victoria's Judges," said he. And again, upon another occasion, he said, "I do not regret the fact of Catholic Emancipation, and I think that the policy advocated by Fox and Grattan, and my father, ought to have been carried; but I am deeply disappointed with the conduct of the Roman Catholics." He suffered severely from what Sydney Smith called the "O'Connell-phobia"; but no disgust or annoyance would have induced him to secede from "the Whig party," to whose leaders he looked with reverence, and with many of whom he was linked by ties of close personal friendship. His best writing was his personal sketch of a day of O'Connell's life, in his 'Sketches of the Irish Bar,' and his humorous and racy portrait of Mr. Sergeant Gookill. He died in the sixty-ninth year of his age, having bequeathed the bulk of his property to one of his family. He had practised at the bar with much success, and he filled for many years the important office of Insolvent Commissioner in Ireland,—so that he may be fairly cited as one of the few barristers who united literary and professional laurels. The concurrence of eminent persons who attended his funeral testified to the high respect entertained for his character.

#### RALEIGH SUSPECTED OF COMPLICITY IN THE GUNPOWDER TREASON.

THAT such a suspicion should have been entertained, even for a moment, seems incredible. It would have been impossible, but for the blindness and

credulity of all suspicion. Raleigh was often wild and impetuous—it is the character of genius: but who can say that he was ever ungenerous? His ends were often those which nothing but a daring allied to madness could have accomplished; but they were to be the achievements of daylight, and of a known enemy. There was nothing in them of the coal-hole or of the dark lantern. It is said that his love of popularity made him occasionally unscrupulous, that he did not hesitate, on occasions, even to sacrifice conscience to fame. Be it so. These, however deplorable, are human frailties. But who that has studied his character, or dipped into his writings, has found anything, in either of them, to justify the faintest idea that he could ever have become an assassin?

Yet, in his own day, and in the wild amazement which succeeded the discovery of that most atrocious treason, there were people who thought such a thing possible.

Cayley, in his 'Life of Raleigh,' Vol. II. p. 39, writes thus upon the subject:—

"Sir Edward Hoby, in a letter to Sir Thomas Edmonds, at that time Ambassador at the Court of Brussels, dated November 19, 1605, in a glowing description which he gives his friend of the then recent Gunpowder Plot, writes, '*Sir Walter Raleigh is much suspected to be privy to this action, for Whitelock had had private conference late with him.*' But as I have nowhere else, either in the printed or manuscript collections, which I have had occasion to consult for the present work, found the slightest hint at the existence of a suspicion of this nature, and as it would, probably, have been made the most of against Sir Walter had there been any real ground for it, we may reasonably conclude that the insinuation was unfounded."

Our notions of the duty of a biographer would, perhaps, lead us to think that Cayley should have investigated the matter a little more closely. We ought, at any event, to have been told who was the "Whitelock" with whom to have held private conference was deemed sufficient to give ground for such a hideous suspicion. Had it been Guy Fawkes, the connexion might have been clear; but who was Whitelock? What share had he in one of the bloodiest acts of wickedness ever meditated?

A particular circumstance has lately led me to a course of historical inquiry which has brought this Whitelock under my notice, and it may be of some little interest to all who honour the name of Raleigh to be made acquainted with the results.

Near the close of the sixteenth century, there grew up to manhood in the city of London a family of Whitelocks, four sons, whose father had carried on business as an importer of French wines. It was his custom, as it is that of wine-merchants at the present day, to make an autumn excursion to the shores of the Loire and the Garonne, and upon the spot to select the "articles" deemed suitable to the English palate. In 1570 death suddenly overtook Richard Whitelock, our English wine-merchant, during a customary business visit to Bordeaux, and his four sons were left to be brought up by a careful and affectionate mother, a woman who seems to have had no fault save a little over-fondness for matrimony. In spite of many troubles, which that overfondness, so dangerous when carried to excess, brought upon her, she did her duty nobly by the four young Whitelocks. She determined to educate them "in as good sort as any gentleman in England would do." She sent them to Merchant Taylors' School, then under the presidency of Richard Mulcaster, and had them taught the whole circle of learning and accomplishments deemed necessary among Englishmen in the reign of Elizabeth. The course comprised "singing, dancing, playing on the lute and other instruments, the Latin, Greek, Hebrew and French tongues, and," mark the conclusion, "to write fair."

The results of this maternal care were various in the different sons. One became a Judge of the Court of King's Bench, and was the father of Bulstrode Whitelock, the Judge and author of the 'Memorials.' Others were less fortunate in the world; but we have at present only to do with the eldest son, Edmund Whitelock, the Mr. Whitelock an acquaintance with whom occasioned Raleigh to be deemed a Gunpowder conspirator.

Edmund Whitelock was evidently his mother's favourite. We may pity, but scarcely blame her. A widow's eldest son, and a quick, clever, witty fellow;—who can calculate the number or measure the strength of the ties which bind a boy, under such circumstances, to a parent's heart? He repaid her fondness—as petted boys generally do. He passed through the ordinary curriculum at Merchant Taylors' School, and went to Christ's College, Cambridge. As Milton did afterwards, he left that College and the University without a degree. What seductions operated in either case, and whether there were any that in that age were peculiar to the College, who can tell? In neither case was the degree lost for want of ability. Edmund Whitelock removed from Cambridge to Lincoln's Inn. But what quick-witted fellow could study common law within a few stones' throw of the good companions who assembled daily at the Globe, and the Mermaid, and the Devil, and a score of other attractive and uproarious places? Lincoln's Inn was found to be uncongenial; and the young gentleman "betook himself to travel into foreign kingdoms, by study and experience to redeem his mispent time." He was absent from England for twelve years; and to his shame it must be recorded, that during all that time the scapegrace rewarded his mother's affection, and evidenced the strength of his filial and fraternal feelings, by never letting any one hear from him, even so much as "whether he were alive or not." At the end of the period I have mentioned, when all his friends were "out of hope ever to see him," he suddenly made his appearance among them. And what were the results of his long period of "study and experience"? He had visited almost all countries in Christendom,—he had bestowed time in various foreign Universities,—he had had charge for several years of a company of foot in the service of France,—and now he returned "Capt. Whitelock," the pleasantest and merriest fellow in the world, the most polite and accomplished man in town; but with scarce a penny in his purse, and without any settled means of obtaining daily bread. His conversational talents, united to his knowledge of foreign countries and tongues, were a passport into a certain class of English society. He attached himself to the Earl of Rutland, and through him to Robert Earl of Essex. He became a hanger-on, or pensioned retainer, of these noblemen, a pleasant fellow, that is, hired to make their dinner-tables agreeable, and to do their bidding as there might be occasion. When Essex's foolish rebellion broke out, Whitelock was sent to Newgate, and put on his trial for treason. But the law was already satiated. Whitelock was permitted to escape, and committed to the suretyship of his youngest brother, the future Judge. His narrow escape made no difference in the views or way of life of this poor, witty, worthless fellow. The only change to him was, that the beheading of one patron rendered it necessary for him to look out for another. He obtained one in the Earl of Northumberland,—who allowed him, at first 40*l.*, and afterwards 60*l.*, a year,—a handsome enough annuity in those days.

And now daylight breaks in upon the cause of the suspicion of Raleigh. The connexion between Percy the conspirator and the Earl of Northumberland threw doubt upon the Earl. Percy, the Earl, and Whitelock were said to have dined together in the afternoon before the discovery of the treason. All of them were involved in one common suspicion. Whitelock was sent to the Tower, and passed several years in imprisonment there, and afterwards in the Fleet.

One sees then at once the cause of the suspicion of Raleigh. It was said that, whilst the plot was brewing, he had had private conference with Whitelock. But what was done? Was the suspicion investigated? Here I am able to throw a light upon the matter which was not within the reach of Cayley. A volume of transcripts from the Hatfield MSS. has since his time been presented to the British Museum, which contains the following paper. It appears from this document, that in consequence of the suspicions alluded to, the Lords of the Council sent to Raleigh, in the Tower, to know what intercourse he had lately had with

Whitelock. Probably the precise words were, "What affair he had lately had with Capt. Whitelock, and what had been the cause of some recent visits paid by him to Raleigh in the Tower?" They also questioned him respecting his "affairs" with the Earl of Northumberland and the French Ambassador. The following is the reply, as it stands in 'Additional MS.' 6178, fo. 468, but with the orthography modernized:—

"1605, Nov. 9. I have not had any other affair with Capt. Whitelock than familiar and ordinary discourse; neither do I know any other cause of his coming unto me than to visit me, having not much wherewith to busy himself. I have sometimes spoken to him to find the Earl of Northumberland's disposition towards me, from whom I never received other than a dry and friendless answer. From the Earl I neither received letter or sent him any, either by Whitelock, or any man else, in my troubles. With the French Ambassador I have no affairs. His wife came hither once with the Lady of Effingham, and, the pale being then down, she saluted me, and desired me to give her a little Balsamum of Guiana. Whitelock being then in her company, I sent it by him to her.

W. RALEIGH."

"I sent your lordships, in the beginning of my troubles, a letter from Sir John Bodles (*sic*), concerning Rensay (*sic*) and others, and the same was my utter ruin. I did it to do the king's service. If I now knew anything, or could devise, how this horrible and fearful practice might be discovered, then, if it were with the loss of my own life, as God liveth, I would give the one to perform the other. I beseech your lordships to call in mind my many sorrows, and the causes, and to remember my services and love to my country, and I beseech you, in charity, and for the love of God, not to make [me] more odious than ever the earth brought forth any, by suspecting me to be knowing this unexampled and more than devilish invention.

"Your humble servant, W. R."

[Indorsed, in Lord Salisbury's hand. 1605, 9th November. Sir Walter Raleigh.]

Such an answer, in its personal details as touching, as it is convincing in its statement of facts, was conclusive in that day, and ought now to be printed (which I believe it has not yet been), lest some investigator should hereafter take a fancy to revive the old suspicion, and to the names of illustrious literary men now sought to be involved in this hideous conspiracy, seek to add that of Walter Raleigh.

One word in conclusion about Whitelock. After imprisonment for perhaps two years, he was released, and permitted to earn his annuity from the Earl of Northumberland, and relieve the tedium of the Earl's incarceration, by the mirth and jollity of his conversation. But this lasted only for a short time. The summer of 1608 was very unhealthy. Whitelock was seized with a prevalent illness at Newhall, in Essex, where he was upon a visit to the Earl of Sussex. Injudicious medical treatment hastened what might otherwise have been the result of the disease, and the choice wit and boon companion of his day found a resting-place among the Earl's noble ancestors: an end which Dudley Carleton deemed consonant with the living Whitelock's fondness for the society of Lords.

B.

#### LITERARY PARALLELS.

SOMETHING like a century ago, Hurd, in writing to his friend Warburton, made a very good suggestion. We have not the handsome quarto of their Correspondence (published at Kidderminster) beside us, and we do not therefore give the exact date. But then the exact date does not matter. Suffice it that there occurs a good suggestion in the said Correspondence,—and a lively Correspondence it is—not to mention occasional kicks of sarcasm, as when the more famous of the two bishops calls Sterne "an irrecoverable scoundrel."

What, then, is this suggestion? It is no other than that a good series of Literary Parallels ought to be executed—after the manner of Plutarch if you have audacity enough so to say,—but respectably at all events in your own manner if you are



more modest. So far as we know, Hurd never did anything with this notion of his but play with it a little in the course of his letter-writing. This is rather a pity,—for though he and his school of criticism are out of fashion now, his Commentary on Horace's *Epist. ad Pisones* proves him to have been a man of acumen, good taste, and agreeable style.

We were reminded of the idea in question, when Mr. Conington's volume of Virgil appeared recently and set us thinking about the parallel that might be drawn between the Roman poet and our own Gray. The reader will find the resemblance indicated in our reviewing columns, but perhaps it might be evolved more fully here,—preparatory to a further handling of this fancy of the Bishop of Worcester's.

First, then, how far did their historical positions correspond? Not with exactness, indeed; yet is there a certain resemblance. Virgil belonged to the Augustan Age—that is, an age of finish—of technical perfection—coming after an age when there was genius without finish,—and before the ages when genius was lost and the form alone survived it. Gray came close on a kind of Augustan age—which had followed our Civil Wars as the Augustan age followed the Roman Civil Wars. He lived into a very dull epoch of literature,—broken only by a total revolution,—such as did not occur in the case of the Romans, because they were further gone in their national life, and had (so to speak) "used up" their originality. We must not look for nicety in these parallels, but only for broad moral resemblances; such as can be found in politics as well as letters between distant ages and distant men.

Virgil and Gray were both great natural poets writing in an artificial style. But, here, we must not use the term "artificial" harshly and violently; or suppose that in a less artificial age each would not have been a great poet. If culture gave much, it took something away, and it is open to be maintained that Gray in the time of Crashaw,—Virgil in the time of Lucretius, would have been even better writers from some points of view. There is a moral atmosphere about an age which affects the spirits and health of men. Hence, there is a free gaiety in Catullus, for instance, which is more pleasant than the best finished point of Horace; and a similar wild charm belongs to Herrick or Suckling as distinct from Gray or Collins.

It is a most important point of correspondence that Virgil and Gray were both so studious, and accumulated their poetic honey as bees do, by constant labour. Each like the moth had the "desire" for "the star," and went to the lamp. A curious proof that their natural poetic feeling was genuine in both, is that though book-men they selected out-of-door subjects. Virgil wrote Pastorals and Georgics; Gray an Ode to Eton College and an Elegy in a Country Churchyard. In each case the poet was fully alive to the fact that he was practising an art, and imitated and skillfully used his predecessors. Yet who doubts that the rusticity and quiet of Virgil's manner was only the index of a mind that loved to see the vines hanging from the elms,—the sober grey of the olive,—the murmur of the leaves of the plane; or that in Gray the art was first, emotion,—the same feeling which made him write that most tender epitaph on his mother which we see in the sweet rural churchyard in which they lie together in Buckinghamshire?

But Virgil wrote an Epic,—and Gray's!—Gray meditated a philosophical poem which would have been really similar—for that Virgil's is a philosophical poem (as distinct from the early, ruder, grander epic) is plain. The historical bent of both minds is remarkable,—when we remember that the earliest efforts of both were in another direction. Prævalent Italy, with its swarm of ancient nations, was to Virgil what feudal Europe was to Gray. The Roman was as deep in the books of the Pontiffs and in the old Annals as the Englishman in Froissart and Dugdale and heraldry. Yet they seem rather to have dwelt on old-world things as objects for the imagination to use in Art than as objects of downright enjoyment and sympathy. Gray read Froissart, but he thought his times "barbarous," and Virgil seems of opinion

(in spite of his talking of heroes *nati melioribus ævæ*) that the long roll of Romans whom he makes pass before us, shadowy—

*Illustres animas nostrumque in nomen ituras,* had been worthily closed by an age in which a great emperor could splendidly reward the flattery of a great poet. The political position of Gray was different; but if Virgil has celebrated Augustus, Gray in one ode has celebrated the "Star of Brunswick." And death found them in much the same intellectual position. According to the ancient biographer, Virgil was to have devoted his remaining life to "philosophy," and Gray left behind him, if we remember aright, a fragmentary Latin poem of which the subject was metaphysical.

It is difficult to pursue the parallel into the details of private life,—for where are the ancient Macons, and Johnsons, and Mitfords? But all agree that Virgil, like Gray, was modest and retiring to the verge of shyness,—though, like Gray also, dear to those who knew him well. Neither poet was married. And in both, despite of melancholy, study, and extreme fastidiousness,—there was a thread of humour which has left traces of its existence in their minor poems,—in Virgil's 'Culex' and in Gray's 'Lines on the Death of Walpole's Cat.'

So much for Virgil and Gray,—the two great artist-poets, whose genius and whose labour are so blended together in what they do that how much is Nature and how much Art nobody can tell. We must not push the parallel too hard,—and of course we must allow to the Roman (from his historical position) far the higher place in literary importance of the two.

There is a kind of parallel (and it is one of Hurd's unexecuted suggestions) between Cicero and Erasmus. But in this case the external histories of the men are more diverse; and it may be observed, that where there is little resemblance in these, the vulgar are apt to despise the deeper analogies altogether. It is true Erasmus never had an opportunity of taking a practical place in politics, and we cannot be sure that if he had, his success would ever have equalled that of Cicero. But in the indecisive part he played in the Reformation, one sees a kind of image of that which Tully had played in the revolution of his age. Erasmus saw that the whole Papal system was bad, and Cicero that the Oligarchic system was decadent;—each held by the old notwithstanding,—laughing at it occasionally,—despairing about it now and then,—but still resolutely shrinking from the great plunge into the future, which Erasmus would not take with Luther nor Cicero with Julius. Yet both men had helped the movement of their respective generations. There is no accounting for Cicero's rise without supposing him to have been more of a *popularis* than he afterwards became; and we all remember the common saying, that if Luther hatched the egg, it was Erasmus that laid it.

And, indeed, the relation of both these great geniuses to the parties of their times indicates a certain moral and dramatic likeness between them. Cicero (see his Letters) was sorely vexed by the apathy of those great conservative aristocrats who fed tame mullets in fish-ponds and covered the suburbs with flower-gardens, while he was fighting to the death for their political existence. Erasmus equally despised the voluptuous prelates who collected Latin MSS. and bought *lapis-lazuli*, while Europe was in the agony of a spiritual crisis. But Cicero was a senator and Erasmus a priest;—and though each was willing that there should be an internal reform, each had his personal associations with the established system of things,—and affection and timidity together kept him from all violent and wholesale changes. How could Cicero quarrel with Atticus, or Erasmus with Sir Thomas More? Again, their æsthetic tastes tended to keep them where their revolutions found them. Cicero despised Antony and other Cæsareans as illiterate,—and Erasmus knew that in the camp of the Reformers theology far outweighed those studies of humanity and *belles-lettres* for which he was so deservedly celebrated.

It is amusing (but we must mingle with the amusement our sympathy) to see how both these great men—through a wit and humour in-born in

them—relieved the tedium of their struggles with sarcasm against their own parties. When Tully at last joined Pompey's camp, they observed to him that "he had come late." "Nay," he answered, (with a convivial allusion) "how,—late,—since there is nothing ready?" So, too, when somebody spoke of one who had crossed the sea so abruptly that he had left his horse behind,—Cicero remarked that "his horse was much obliged to him." Quite similar was the Erasmusian vein of pleasantry. A friend of Erasmus had refused a bishopric. "Well," he said, "he has his reasons, no doubt, but it is better to be a hog-driver than a hog!" And when the Elector Frederick solemnly asked him his opinion about Luther, he evaded the query with a jest—"Luther," he answered, "has done two things,—attacked the Pope's Crown and the monks' bellies."

There was a certain spirit of gaiety and mockery about both, which nothing could keep down, even at times when it had better been subdued; but for all that they were earnest and sensitive, too, liable to fits of depression, and over-clouded in their minds by the great events of their days. Observe, too, that neither could contentedly abandon those public questions, even for the learned *otium* which both loved. The Roman perished after a final struggle with Antony;—the Dutchman's last labours were controversial rather than literary.

In genius and in temper they were markedly alike; and this makes itself visible through all the differences of their epochs and positions. Their fertility and versatility are two strong points of resemblance,—for their great minds (like the wide empire of China) included every sort of climate and variety of production. The quantity each published was immense. Few, even of scholars, have read what survives of Cicero;—no man living has read all Erasmus in the stately folios of Le Clerc. Cicero ranged from politics and philosophy to oratory, morality, letter-writing, and essays;—Erasmus from free will and predestination to grammar, criticism, dialogue, humour, and satire. And there is a real likeness in the tone of the men. There is a fundamental good sense and *bonhomie*,—a spontaneous eloquence, a natural quickness and subtlety, and a rich flow of humour and wit in their works—at once resembling that of each other, and far beyond that of nearly all other prose writers. Both were hard workers, laborious students, deeply read, and passionately fond of letters. It is probable that Cicero, born in the modern world, in the age of Erasmus would have been a man of letters solely; while readers of the 'Colloquies,' the 'Encomium Morie,' and so on, will not deny that the capability of being an orator lay dormant in the rich and various genius of the child of Rotterdam.

They were naturally kindly, good-hearted men,—what we irreverently call, now-a-days, "~~pleasant~~ fellows." It is hard to say which would have been more agreeable: an evening over Cæcuban with Tully at Tusculum, or over Burgundy (his favourite wine) with Desiderius at Basle. No doubt they were each of them rather vain; but they had something to be vain of,—not always the case with their modern assailants. True, too, they were both satirical, and apt to resent and chastise impertinence. Plutarch tells us that Cicero's wit made him many enemies; and in his 'Table-Talk' the grim old Reformer calls Erasmus a Momus.—*Non omnia possumus*, &c. It would be pleasant to see a Cicero and an Erasmus without faults of any kind; but we confess we see no chance of such phenomena in our generation. Indeed, if we could get either of them, faults and all, it would not be (as times go) a bad bargain.

On the whole, not to be too minute, our second is already a tolerable parallel. There has been another drawn (depending rather on position than character) between Erasmus and Voltaire; and as this has been done by Coleridge, it is better to refer the curious to his 'Friend,' than to attempt to do it after him.

Petrarch and Ronsseau are mentioned by Hurd, as affording that kind of likeness which may be developed into a literary parallel. Horace, too, has been often called from the Elysian Fields to measure back to back, with sometimes a satirist and



sometimes a master of the lyre. Now he has been likened to Pope, and now to Moore; and a criticism of such attempted parallels would perhaps throw light on both the men brought into comparison. It is certain that, in the great portrait gallery of the family of man, as in the little galleries of private families, strange likenesses come out after the lapse of long ages, and there is a peculiar pleasure in observing and studying these, from the hint they give of a brotherhood deeper than that of race, and from the sentimental interest they add to biography. The remoter the age, the more keenly this is felt; and were the Ancients and Moderns expressly examined with an eye to parallels (which might, of course, take in all classes of men), somewhat of a new zest would be added to our reading.

It is possible that we may return to this subject. But, meanwhile, we would request the reader to believe, that if we have kept back the points of difference, it is only after having made up our minds that they are of less importance than those similarities on which we have dwelt. A dissimilarity that seems striking at first, will often be found to vanish before closer observation; and differences of costume and attitude may be fairly disregarded, when there is that "family likeness," that subtle identity of *expression* which argues a spiritual relationship. H.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE late Duke of Devonshire, well knowing the great importance of the 'Hamlet' of 1603 to Shakespearean illustration and criticism, and that his own copy of that impression was the only one with a title-page, instructed Mr. Payne Collier to have an exact fac-simile made of it, in order that his Grace might give copies of it to our public libraries (and to some others abroad), as well as to a few particular individuals, to whom, from a special love of the subject, it could not fail to be welcome. The Duke unfortunately died while the play was in the hands of Mr. Netherclift, the eminent lithographer, but the fac-similes have since been completed, and the present Duke of Devonshire did not hesitate a moment in giving effect to the wishes of his most liberal and accomplished predecessor, who repeatedly said, and acted upon the principle, that he looked upon his matchless dramatic collection, from the earliest times to the present, as more the property of literary men, who could make good use of it, than his own. The copy of the 'Hamlet' of 1603 in his Grace's library is deficient of the last leaf, but it contains only a few lines, and they have been supplied (also in fac-simile) from the only other known copy (which has no title-page), so that the book now about to be distributed is complete in every respect and gives a perfect representation of the original, even to the minutest point, line, or speck impressed by the antiquated types. It is, we believe, the first entire volume ever executed in lithography, and every line and letter has gone repeatedly under the inspection of Mr. Payne Collier, so that its accuracy, amounting almost to identity, cannot be doubted. The late Duke of Devonshire was of opinion that a comparatively few copies would answer the demands of public book-depositories, and of private curiosity; accordingly, the distribution can only be extremely limited, and the whole impression is now in Mr. Payne Collier's hands for the purpose. The expense of such an undertaking was of course no consideration with his Grace, and we have good reason for knowing that if he had lived only a few years longer, he would have treated in the same way various other first editions of Shakespeare's separate plays, now either entirely unique or of the utmost rarity, so as to render them, as it were, the common property of critics and bibliographers.

This week has passed from among us, at the age of sixty-two, Mr. Richard Ford, the well-known author of the 'Handbook of Spain.' Mr. Ford was considered an authority on the subject of Fine Art; and that he really was so, they who remember, among other things, his contributions to the *Athenæum*, will readily allow.

Mr. Harry Osborn Cureton, the well-known numismatic dealer and agent, died at his apart-

ments in River Street, Pentonville, on the 23rd of August, after a very brief indisposition, in the 74th year of his age. He did not hold any situation in the British Museum, as has been erroneously stated in the daily and weekly journals, but was employed by that establishment, in the same manner as by many private individuals, as an agent for purchases and valuations, and generally as an adviser on matters connected with coins and antiquities. Few persons have ever acquired in that capacity such unlimited confidence as was justly reposed in Mr. Cureton. His practical knowledge of his profession was almost unrivalled,—whilst his disinterestedness, integrity, independence, and straightforwardness of character caused him to be viewed by his employers rather in the light of a friend than an agent; and a customer who visited him as a dealer soon learned to feel a personal liking and respect for him as a man. He was unassuming in his manner, was blessed with never-failing spirits and good temper, and though he never made efforts to push his business, he realized a handsome fortune,—the bulk of which, as he was never married and had no near relatives, he has left to public charities. Many years ago he made over by deed of gift to the Goldsmiths' Company, of which he was a Liveryman, the sum of 3,000*l.* to found a charity for the blind,—and by his will he has bequeathed an additional sum of 2,000*l.* in furtherance of the same object.

The last thing we should have fancied, is t' have heard within the pulpit, echoes of the form and fashion, of Longfellow's 'Hiawatha.' In the forefront of the season, down at (then not crowded) Ramsgate, an acute dissenting preacher, to attract a numerous gathering, advertised his fixed intention, twice (D.V.) on the next Sunday, sermons twain then to deliver, in majestic blank verse uttered. And he did it! they who listened, had a weary weary season; season very weary had they, listening to the man who did it; man obese, obese his wit too. To describe we will not venture, how the pump went onward working, at each lifting of the handle, dribbling forth its stunted measure. Very painful 'twas to hear it, very pleasant to the speaker; Love was the all-graceful subject; quite unlovely was the treatment. But 'twas with a moral pointed; moral pointed very sharply; sharply pointed to the pocket; and it showed how if our bosoms glowed but with the Love he painted, we should prove it by a lib'ral coming-down at the collection!

A letter from Dr. Livingstone to Mr. Turner, M.P., appears in the *Manchester Guardian*. Beyond the fact contained in a paragraph of the *Athenæum* of last week, it announces that on the banks of the Zambesi, Sea Island cotton might be profitably cultivated; and that near the mouth of the Kongone branch of the Zambesi, cotton was found growing in a deserted native garden, "which," says the explorer, "does not adhere to the seed as that I saw up the river, and the pile or staple is longer than the Angola cotton." The specimen sent to this country by Dr. Livingstone is described as "very beautiful clean cotton, value about 8*d.* per lb."

Among the literary reports of interest, we may reckon that of a work in English on the Sonnets of Shakespeare, by Philarete Chasles, than whom there are few French writers who can express themselves more elegantly or idiomatically in English. On a translation of Shakespeare's plays into French, we hear that one of Victor Hugo's sons is engaged. May he have a happier, or a less unlucky, success than his predecessors who, for the most part, have done with "Williams" what the Welsh parson did with Milton,—a dozen pages of whose 'Paradise Lost' he stole for a sermon, translating them first into Latin, and then into Welsh,—by which time, he used to say, Satan himself could not have found any remains of Milton in them. Victor Hugo, the father, is on the point of publishing, in Paris, we are told, a politico-philosophical poem, entitled 'Les Petites Épopées.' If it be permitted to appear in Paris, we may be assured that the politics will be of a harmless description, and the philosophy in harmony with the Gospel according to Monsieur le Préfet. From Berlin, we hear of a life of Alexander von Humboldt, just published, in

Ancient Hebrew! The author is a Russian Jew, named Slominski, the inventor of a calculating machine; he announces that he undertook the biography in question, for the purpose of revealing the life and labours of Humboldt to the Russian and Asiatic Jews.—In connexion with literature, we may notice that the youngest son of Galt, the novelist, Alexander Galt, is a member of the new Canadian Ministry, in which he is recorded as "Inspector General."—Returning to France, we find a literary contemporary, the *Audience*, a paper which only reported law cases, history of law, &c., suppressed, for no heavier offence than reporting at length the trial of Orsini and his confederates. Against pulpit Protestant literature the authorities are equally tyrannical,—a clergyman and his little congregation (including a French officer) having been arrested at Maubeuge, and imprisoned, for "meeting two or three together in His name," without attending to some little formality at the office of M. le Maire. Another item of intelligence belonging to this department is, that the French newspaper, the *Courrier de Paris*, is for sale, and that no less a personage than the Duke de Rianares is likely to be the purchaser. Is this for the purpose of upholding the Christine interest in Spain and France? Another paper is worse, or better, than for sale, the *Italia del Popolo*, the organ of Mazzini. It is dead. In one of the ablest literary articles that Xavier Raymond has yet contributed to the *Journal des Débats*, the writer very fairly reviews all that has been said and written in this country on the subject of Cherbourg. He sums up alike on the sense and the nonsense, and renders about equal justice to both. One fact seems to have escaped all French writers, zealous for the liberty of the press, but angry at the freedom with which we use it, in discussing or reporting at home what we saw abroad. There is no want of courtesy in this. M. Raymond traces much of the severity of remark which he finds in our discussions on Cherbourg to the undisguised and discreditable joy with which so many French writers hailed the news from India which told of the massacre of the best, the bravest, the youngest, and the loveliest in the land. This and similar demonstrations of a later period no doubt had their effect, and the *Débats*, in a moment of irritation, unhappily united in the manifestation, when it asserted that at the horrors, on which we here looked with eyes blinded with tears, France looked "with curiosity and satisfaction." M. Raymond writes with more judgment and charity, and his spirit will find a hearty response from the writers on this side of the Channel.

The small infamies of Russia excite almost as much indignation as her national crimes. She has begun to deface the monument of the faithful English soldiers who fell in the attack on the Redan, on the 8th of September. This monument the Russian Government solemnly promised to respect and protect. We now learn from the *Leader*, who "has spared no pains in attesting the truth of the statement," that "although the English inscriptions on three of the sides of the obelisk are left intact, that in Russian, on the fourth side, has been entirely chipped away!" It was a practice of old Christian chivalry to publish the name and merits of a dead and courageous foe, Russia dishonours the memories of *hers* as far as she can. After this, we are not surprised to hear that an Imperial order to write the history of the Crimean War for the edification of Russians, has been entrusted to Prince Outumpski, a young officer, who was aide-de-camp to Prince Gortschakoff. The young officer has a hard task and a fine chance before him.

In Crete, as in other places where Christians and Moslem dwell together, the hands of the latter have been murderously fastened on the throats of the former. In no place has the antagonism been more savagely conducted; probably for this reason, that the locality is restricted; that there is a sort of relationship between the parties; and that, consequently, the dissension assumes the form and quality of that fiercely undying thing—a family quarrel. Between the Christian and Moslem of Crete, a peacemaker has appeared in the guise of an old Cretan, who has turned author for the nonce, and in a droll pamphlet suggested a simple method whereby the opposing Cretans may settle

## SCIENCE

*The Aquarian Naturalist. A Manual for the Sea-Side.* By Thomas Rymer Jones. (Van Voorst.)

their disputes and become a happy and flourishing family. In an insular *patois*, intelligible to both parties, he informs the Mosleminn that, after all, they are but sham sons of Islam, being descendants of old Christian Cretans or of Albanians, and so ignorant that they cannot repeat, or if repeat, cannot comprehend, the prayers which their law requires them to offer. Now, says the peace-maker, stupid as you are, you have common sense enough to see one thing—that wherever Christianity is there are riches and power. It is not only the right, but the profitable thing. What beasts were the Russians; but as soon as they embraced Christianity behold what wealth and glory are theirs! The inference is that the Cretan Mosleminn should profess the Christian religion, and the island generally look to a Russian protectorate! In this way does Russia make use of the press when she finds it to her advantage.

Among royal and noble authors may be reckoned Maria Theresa, an Imperial lady, who in something of the spirit of Mrs. Chapon, once sat down and composed a little work as a guide for the conduct of the princes and princesses, her sons and daughters. How very little the illustrious children profited thereby is well known. This result may have arisen from the unskillfulness of the maternal writer; and that the latter did not court public criticism is clear from the circumstance that only a dozen copies of her instructions for the good behaviour of her children were printed. One of these copies was, of course, in the possession of Marie Antoinette, and it is now in the keeping of a French family for whom the Queen's memory is an object of worship. M. Barrière, the graceful *feuilletoniste*, hints that this little volume is likely soon to appear. We shall be curious to see what counsel was given to a daughter, for her guidance at the French Court, by a mother who addressed the concubines at such Court by the title of her "dear cousins."

According to the *Gothaische Zeitung*, a certain *Consistorialrath* from Itzehoe, in Holstein, a robust nonagenarian, was the oldest visitor at the Jena Jubilee. He appeared arm-in-arm with his son, a youngster of sixty, and likewise a former Jena student. The old man had studied at Jena in 1792 (thus being perhaps one of Schiller's auditors), and had assisted at the great exodus of the students to Rohra.

At the laying of the foundation of a house at Lyons, a splendid Corinthian column has been discovered. It is of one block, measures 21 feet in length, and is covered with Latin inscriptions.

The peat bog near Süder-Brarup, in Anglia (Schleswig), continues to be a rich mine for antiquaries. It appears more and more probable that a small army, on its passage over the ice (not in battle), perished here by breaking in. The *Flensburger Zeitung* says:—"Nowhere has organic substance, such as cloth, wood, leather, &c., been preserved better than here. The arrows, lances, bows, bucklers, and so on, buried on this spot some two thousand years ago, are quite as perfect and undamaged as if they had been intrusted to the ground only a twelvemonth ago. Whether they will stand the exposure to the air is to be seen. For the present, they are preserved in spirits, and exhibited in the Town Hall at Flensburg."

NOW ON VIEW, at the FRENCH GALLERY, 129, Pall Mall, "THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD," by W. Holman Hunt.—The Proscribed Royalists, J. E. Millais, &c. &c. A.—Illustrations of Hood's Poems, by the Junior Etching Club—and J. F. Cropsey's American Scenery.—Admission, 1s.

Patron—H.R.H. THE PRINCE CONSORT.—THE ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION IS OPEN DAILY, from 12 to 3 and 7 to 10 o'clock, with all its POPULAR LECTURES, EXHIBITIONS, &c.—Admission, 1s.; Schools and Children under ten years of age, Half-price.—THE LABORATORY IS NOW OPEN FOR ANALYSES, PUPILS, &c., under the direction of MR. E. V. GARDNER, Professor of Chemistry.

PROFESSOR WILLALBA FRICKELL.—POLYGRAPHIC HALL, King William Street, Charing Cross.—TWO HOURS OF ILLUSIONS, for One Month only, previous to Professor Frickell's departure on a Provincial Tour. Every Evening at Eight; Saturday Afternoons at Three. Private Boxes, One Guinea; Box Stalls, 5s.; Orchestra Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Amphitheatre, 1s. Places may be secured at the Polygraphic Hall from Eversell Hill Five, and at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street.

DR. KAHN'S ANATOMICAL MUSEUM, 2, Titchbourne Street, opposite the Haymarket, Open Daily (for Gentlemen only).—Lectures by Dr. Sexton at Four and Eight o'clock, on important and interesting topics in connection with Anatomy, Physiology, and Pathology (vide Programme). Admission, 1s.—Dr. Kahn's Nine Lectures on the Philosophy of Marriage, &c., sent post free direct from the Author on the receipt of two stamps.

TIME was when a Fellow of the Royal Society would have seriously damaged his reputation had he attempted to give a popular lecture or write a popular book. Every thing that was written on scientific subjects appeared in the form of a costly folio, which the people never bought, or a paper in the *Transactions* of some scientific Society, which assuredly the people never read. Even now this spirit is not wholly gone from amongst the professed men of science of the day. There is still a lingering belief that science is sacred; and just as there is a remnant of Calvinistic divines who believe in a few elect saints in heaven, so there are philosophers who believe in the election of a certain few to the deep mysteries of science. Within the last twenty years, a man has had his election at the Royal Society endangered because he gave popular lectures, and a learned physician has been rejected as a candidate for a hospital appointment for the same cause. But these times are rapidly passing by. Science is descending from her stilts. She has suddenly found out that she is identical with knowledge, and that knowledge is useful—useful in elevating the mind and purifying the nature of man, and just as well adapted to do this in a hovel as in a palace. Fellows of the Royal Society now lecture at our Mechanics' Institutes. They write popular books on science. The President-elect himself has attempted to popularize the science of Psychology,—and in the volume before us we have one of our distinguished Professors of Zoology and Comparative Anatomy writing a book for the instruction of his "lady-friends" at the sea-side.

Marvellous is the change that has come over our English sea-sides within the last ten years. Formerly, the naturalist looking for star-fishes and sea-anemones was a solitary being, stared at with wonder for his taste for picking up the hideous objects which the sea disgorged, by those who resorted to the sea-shore. Now, *Punch's* picture of "common objects at the sea-side" is no exaggeration. Lads and lasses, old men and women, may be seen at every low tide in our watering-places diligently searching the rocks for their treasures. Even our literary men have caught the mania, and Badham has made the shores of quiet Felixstow famous, whilst George Henry Lewes has thrown the charm of his pen around the most recondite questions that could occur to the biologist in his examination of the structure of the animals found at the sea-side. There may be a fashion in these things. There may be a larger destruction of animal life than the study of zoology and comparative anatomy would demand amongst the junior subjects of this new-born enthusiasm. But it must do good. Thousands are being taught to use their observing and reflecting powers, which, but for this new field of occupation, would be for ever dormant. It may be taken up for an amusement; but it may be made a most important means of instruction. The picking up of star-fishes and keeping them in an aquarium will lead to reading books about them. First, to be sure, popular books, then to the more profound and strictly scientific. The horizon of the mind will be thus enlarged,—the forms of animal and vegetable life will be seen to be regulated by law. The exquisite adaptations of structure to habits will be seen to be more wonderful than any human architecture. The chemistry of life will be found more wondrous than a work of fiction,—

and the whole study, from step to step, will be found suggestive of the most practical lessons for every-day life. We rejoice, then, to have to welcome any work that, taking advantage of the prevailing taste, will guide it and direct it to its best and highest ends. Prof. Jones is not only competent to his task, but he is an agreeable and intelligible writer.

Although the work opens with a description of the management of the Aquarium, and is intended especially for the guidance of those who wish to domesticate marine creatures, it is not at all confined to this object. Many creatures are described that will be found difficult to domesticate, and in fact the book is rather a manual for the sea-side than for the aquarium. It is, however, only an introduction. The aim of the author has been rather to interest than instruct,—and whilst a great amount of information is given, his great object is evidently not to alarm the reader with minute or technical details. To some this will be a source of disappointment, as with regard to recent researches upon groups of animals which might have been made amusing enough, the author is entirely silent. He seems afraid of speaking of the microscope, as though it was an instrument his lady-friends would never think of using. It is true the book is sufficiently large for its object, and on this account perhaps we ought not to complain of its omissions. The arrangement of the book is not strictly a scientific one, and no attempt is made to impart any special knowledge of the classification or relations of the animals described. We will now then give a few extracts, that our readers may form an estimate of the nature of this pleasant volume. We begin with a phenomenon that must have arrested the attention of all who have visited the sea-side:—

"Few visitors to the sea-side have not, at some time or other, more especially during the summer season, had occasion to observe, while walking by night upon the shore, or else, while enjoying the breeze upon some pier-head or sea-overhanging cliff, a phenomenon as beautiful as it is astonishing. The waves, as they come rolling in, seem fringed with fire; and when they break upon the shore, burst into liquid flame which glides along, still spreading as it flows, until it laves the sands with light, and then slowly retiring, leaves a track of shining sparkles glittering on the strand. If witnessed from a boat, or from a steamer's deck, the scene is still more wonderful: the heaving waves around appear to burn like phosphorus, emitting pale and ghostly splendour; the silent oars are raised dripping with living diamonds; or if a hand should be immersed in the refulgent water and again withdrawn, the glowing sparks, like tiny stars, stick to its surface, or are shaken off in brilliant scintillations. The splashing wheels stir up a sheet of light; the wake of the vessel flames behind as if it were the tail of some vast rocket, and the labouring ship appears to wallow in a fiery foam. In our own climate, however, this luminous appearance is seldom witnessed in such perfection; more frequently, when the water is slightly agitated by the winds and currents, it only shows itself in scattered sparkles mingled with the spray of the sea, and in the froth created by the way of the ship. These sparkles or luminous points vary in magnitude, and often continue to shine for some moments as they pass the sides of the vessel or follow in its track. The kind of light thus exhibited is sometimes extremely brilliant, almost emulating that of the azure, gold, and silver rain of the pyrotechnist:—

Beyond the shadow of the ship  
I watch'd the water-snakes:  
They moved in tracks of shining white;  
And when they rear'd, the elfish light  
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship  
I watch'd their rich attire;  
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,  
They cull'd and swam, and every track  
Was a flash of golden fire.



This appearance is not unfrequently accompanied by flashes of a paler light and momentary duration, which often illuminate the water to the extent of several feet; these are more or less vivid according to the distance of the observer and the depth at which they make their appearance, resembling exceedingly the lightning so often seen in tropical regions, which presents itself in diffused flashes, now issuing from one mass of clouds, now from another, in constant succession over the whole face of the heavens. The explanation of this phenomenon was to our forefathers simple enough, as any one may convince himself by referring to some of the earlier volumes of the 'Philosophical Transactions,' where, after elaborate theories relative to 'phlegm' and 'phlogiston,' and other elements unknown in modern chemistry, the sages of those times ascribe all this luminous splendour to the 'saltiness of the sea': and even in our own days, should the inquisitive passenger on board a vessel seek for information relative to the cause of the wide-spread phosphorescence, he will, in nine cases out of ten, receive a reply equally satisfactory, if not couched in precisely the same terms. A little careful examination will, however, soon convince the student of nature that such is by no means a true solution of the problem. A tumbler-glass filled from the glowing wave and set aside for accurate inspection, will be found to swarm with little points of most translucent jelly, requiring close examination even to detect their presence, and yet so numerous that 30,000 of them have been calculated to be contained in a cubic foot of highly luminous sea-water."

The little creature which produces this beautiful lighting-up of the sea is called *Noctiluca miliaris*, and has a high interest to the naturalist on account of its exceptional character and doubtful position in the animal world. Although Prof. Jones omits any mention of recent researches, we may add, that the structure and habits of this creature have been recently described with great care by Mr. Huxley, Dr. Woodham Webb, and Col. Baddeley. After all the researches of naturalists, the most attractive creatures are those which are most common. Few sea animals exhibit so great a variety of colour or more elegant and changing forms than the common Sea-Anemones. These are the first victims to the kindling ardour of a seaside naturalist, and form fitting objects for the commencement of studies in the laws of life. Mr. Jones gives some directions for catching them.—

"On an excursion in search of Sea-Anemones, the sea-side naturalist will find it advisable to be provided with a double-headed hammer, a long iron chisel, an oyster-knife, an old ivory paper-knife, and a small net, made by twisting a piece of strong wire into the shape of a circle with a tail to it, and fastening a bag of muslin round the edge of the ring. As to the hammer and chisel, these are indispensable. A great number of the Actinies delight in rock-holes, and it is impossible to get them out without chiseling away a portion of the rock to which they adhere. It is necessary, moreover, to be very careful in separating them from the rock; for, as a general rule, if they are at all lacerated, they mortify, corrupt the water in which they are placed, and finally die. It is also desirable to be provided with a stout iron cross-bar, with which to turn over the large weed-covered angular rocks that lie at the verge of the ebb-tide—those stones which are never moved, even in the roughest weather, and under whose sure protection lie all the rarest and most delicate specimens. The difficulty of removing specimens from their native site is a great obstruction to the study of many, which the observer would select in preference. In confinement, some will quit their hold, if left dry for a considerable time, or detach themselves, if the water be rendered very impure. But no effect is thus produced on many; nor does anything whatever induce them to move, or to abandon their fixture; they remain to perish. The only practicable mode of obtaining a coveted object under such circumstances, is, if possible, to chisel off a portion of the hard rock below it,—a tedious and precarious

alternative, but one which, nevertheless, will often repay the naturalist for his trouble. On finding a specimen which the collector may be anxious to preserve, it may be wrapped in moist sea-weed, or in a handkerchief wetted with sea-water, where it will be quite safe for many hours; and, if wanting a sufficient vessel for its deposition, he may first use a small saucer, which can be afterwards lodged in a larger vessel. A small quantity of water suffices for it, in case of necessity, wherein it may be kept uninjured for a long period in a vessel of very moderate capacity, but entirely covered by the element, or frequently washed with it. There is no difficulty either in feeding or preserving it, such is the variety of substances it devours. The Actinia must be deemed a long-lived animal. A specimen of *Actinia meembryanthum*, whose portrait we reproduce, is figured by Sir J. Dalyell, which he had kept in a state of captivity for twenty years, and which could not have been under thirty years old; and another, apparently of equal age with the former when taken, had lived for thirteen or fourteen years in his possession; nevertheless, both these patriarchal specimens were in full vigour, and likely to survive for years longer, at the time when Sir John recorded their longevity."

At the Glasgow Meeting of the British Association, Dr. Fleming stated that Sir John's oldest specimen was still alive in his possession. If now living it must be above thirty years old. It is almost a law that the slower the processes of life the longer is the individual existence.

One of the most interesting and original parts of Mr. Jones's book is his account of the various forms of Annelides or Sea-Worms. These creatures are very numerous, and many of them are exceedingly beautiful, but at the present moment we have no good account of them in the English language. The late Dr. Johnston devoted a good deal of attention to them and described some species. Dr. Williams of Swansea has also published an interesting general account of their structure and functions, but at present we have no work descriptive of all the British species. We recommend this family to Mr. Van Voorst, as well deserving a place in his famous series on British Natural History. If it would not answer his purpose, why should not the Ray Society let us have a volume on British Annelides? Amongst the forms that are sometimes placed amongst radiate animals, and sometimes amongst worms, are the Sipunculi. Of these interesting creatures Mr. Jones thus speaks:—

"The Sipunculi are frequently to be met with near low-water mark, inhabiting holes which they excavate in the sand to a considerable depth, lining them throughout with a calcareous secretion, much in the same way as a well is lined with brickwork. In these retreats they move up and down with great facility, coming to the surface when the tide is up, and displaying their flower-crowned proboscis; but withdrawing themselves rapidly, when disturbed, into their holes, at the bottom of which they hold themselves firmly by means of their dilatible posterior extremity. In China, where worms of all sorts are looked upon as delicacies, the Sipunculi are by no means excluded from the table of the epicure, but, on the contrary, are regarded as high-class luxuries; and one species, the *Sipunculus edulis*, constitutes, like the Trepang, an article of commerce. It is met with in great abundance on the shores in the vicinity of Batavia, on the coast of Java, where it is called *porret along* by the natives, and *sea-sea* by the Chinese, who come there to catch it. It is found at the depth of from a foot to a foot and a half in the sand, in holes which, being always open at the top, are easily distinguishable; and the mode in which this strange fishery is conducted is, as we are told, as follows. At every low tide the Chinese fishermen assemble on the shore in troops, each bringing with him a bundle of slender rods made of cane, each rod being sharpened at one end, and having a little ball or button just above the sharp point. Arrived at the fishing-ground, the Chinaman proceeds to

drop one of these rods with its point downwards into every hole, and there leaves it until he has exhausted the whole bundle. After a little time he returns, and, having previously removed the sand to a proper depth, gently draws forth the rod, to which by this time the animal has attached itself by swallowing the button. The Sipunculi are thus procured in considerable quantities, and are cooked in various ways, 'either with garlic, or with *garo sooy*,' condiments which, to most of our readers, will probably be scarcely more appetizing than the worms themselves."

Of course the Crustacea and Mollusca occupy a large space in Mr. Jones's volume; and from this portion of his book we extract the following personal reminiscence:—

"We happened some years ago to enjoy the pleasure of a visit to the late Sir John Ross, the hero of the North Pole, at that time but recently returned from his celebrated expedition. One evening, just before retiring to rest, we chanced, innocently enough, to express a wish to procure some Razor-shells—*muskins*, as they are there called, and were informed that the nearest point where they were obtainable was on some sand-banks in the vicinity of Glenluce; 'however,' said Sir John, 'I will consult the almanac as to the state of the tides (the muskins being only obtainable at very low water), and shall be happy to drive you over.' Of course, after expressing our obligations, we went to our chamber, and were soon soundly asleep, in blissful ignorance of the fate we had so inadvertently brought upon ourselves. Our slumbers did not last long; about half-past two in the morning we were hailed by the stentorian voice of Sir John at our bedside, informing us that he found it would be low water in the bay of Luce at half-past five o'clock—that he had ordered the pony-chaise to be at the door at three, and that there was only half-an-hour at our disposal to dress and get some breakfast. I cannot say that the morning was particularly inviting for a ride, or that I looked upon the prospect before us with very pleasurable emotions. The month of November is at the best but ill-adapted to a naturalizing excursion; and, on the present occasion, not only was it intensely dark, but a Scotch mist hung around us like a London fog, through which the snow, as it came down in broad flakes, descended in silent profusion. However, as Sir John said that was of no consequence, off we drove, my teeth chattering with cold, as if in a fit of the ague; but it was of no use uttering any complaint in presence of such a weather-proof companion, fresh as an iceberg from the polar seas. After a rather chilly drive, we arrived at length upon the shores of the bay of Luce, and at once proceeded to knock up the fishermen who were to be our guides; after some difficulty, this was accomplished, and we then set off in search of the sea-side, the scene, as I thought, of our operations. The air was now beginning to grow clearer, and the mist had become less dense, so that objects were faintly distinguishable; at least, the white line of surf proclaimed that we were on the sea-beach, and we were preparing,

So soon as heaven's window show'd a light, to set to work. 'There are no muskins here, my good fellow,' exclaimed the thrice-hardy veteran; 'they are over yonder.'—'Where?' I inquired.—'Why, there,' said Capt. Ross, pointing right out to sea—'on a sandbank half-a-mile out—you will see it just now, when it gets a little lighter.'—'O! I suppose, then, we are waiting for a boat?'—'Boat! my dear fellow; here are no boats—WE MUST WADE IT! I won't reach up to your arm-pits: take that gun upon your shoulder; it will help to steady you.'—'But, Sir John, I shall be catching my death of cold,' I expostulated.—'Cold!—nonsense; no one ever caught cold in salt water yet. Here, come along! take hold of me—mind you don't stumble.' It was quite obvious there was no retreating; so, with desperate determination, in we went—Sir John in front, and a fisherman on each side of me—deeper and deeper still—until fairly up to our necks; and, holding the guns at arm's length above water, we at last crossed the strait, and gained the sand-bank on the other-side, where, dripping with wet, and half-frozen, I mentally resolved never to

associate myself in future with men who, like my Arctic friend, seemed to consider a bath at the temperature of 32° Fahrenheit quite warm and comfortable."

—It is not, however, necessary to make such a cold-water excursion to get razor-shells. On our sandy shores they are very abundant, and their presence may be known by the keyhole-like depression they make in the sand where they are lodged. It is useless to dig for them with a spade, but a little salt on their holes brings them out directly, when they may be caught in any number. Those who are curious in their diet may try them boiled or in soup, but we warn them that they require an excellent digestion.

We must now leave Mr. Jones's volume; but, before we do so, we must say a word in commendation of the excellent Plates by which it is embellished, the work of Mr. Tuffen West. This gentleman takes now a first position as a natural history artist; and the objects presented in this book are figured with an accuracy and life-likeness that must render them very acceptable to the student at the sea-side. We recommend our lady-friends especially not to forget to take Mr. Jones's volume when they next go to the sea-side.

SCIENTIFIC GOSSIP.—Mr. Tyndal, described by Prof. Faraday as "a most earnest and philosophic investigator of the glaciers," has just twice ascended to the summit of the peak of Monte Rosa; once with a guide, and once alone. That the expedition had its delicious perils, the following, from Mr. Tyndal's letter, will show:—"But at length the mountain contracted her snowy shoulders to what Germans call a *Kamm*—a comb; suggested, I should say, by the toothed edges which some mountain ridges exhibit, but now applied to any mountain edge, whether of rock or snow. Well, the mountain formed such an edge. On that side of the edge which turns towards the Lyskamm there was a very terrible precipice, leading straight down to the torn and fissured *neve* of the Monte Rosa glaciers. On the other side the slope was less steep, but exceedingly perilous-looking, and intersected here and there by precipices. Our way lay along the edge, and we faced it with steady caution and deliberation. The wind had so acted upon the snow as to fold it over, forming a kind of cornice, which overhung the first precipice to which I have alluded. Our track for some time was upon this cornice. The incessant admonition of my guide was to fix my staff securely into the snow at each step, the necessity of which I had already learned. Once, however, while doing this, my staff went right through the cornice, and I could see through the hole that I had made into the terrible gulf below." On the first ascent there was no view. "But the snow was wonderful snow. It was all flower; the most lovely that eye ever gazed upon. There, high up in the atmosphere, this symmetry of form manifested itself, and built up these exquisite blossoms of the frost. There was no deviation from the six leaved type, but any number of variations." The second ascent Mr. Tyndal describes as "a very instructive one," and promises to "tell all about it" to Prof. Faraday, who, no doubt, will let the public into the secret.

The *Alta California* of July 20, has given rise to some gossip among medical men. It contains a strange, if true, story, in a letter from a German physician, Dr. Lichterberger, at Fort Langley, Fraser River, giving an account of the death of a miner by petrification, consequent upon drinking a mineral fluid known as water of crystallization—a solution of silica—found in a *geode* or rounded mass of quartz, containing cavities lined with crystals, and varying in size from a few inches to sometimes a couple of feet in diameter. The quantity of this liquid is usually so small that it has never attracted attention, but Ernest Floeterpiegel in striking the *geode* broke off a piece, leaving a cup, which, according to the statement of his companion, contained half a pint of water. The unfortunate

man swallowed it as a draught. In fifteen minutes he expired. Upon removing the body, and attempting properly to dispose the limbs, an unusual rigidity was observed. In the course of two hours and a half the whole body became as stiff and inflexible as a board. The muscles afforded a crackling sensation on being pressed, as if the minute capillaries were in a state of ossification. A post-mortem examination the next day presented the following results:—The smaller blood-vessels were solid and apparently ossified. In the stomach and duodenum were several hard masses of the size of a hazel-nut, evidently composed of biliary matter, but as hard as the hardest quartz. Evidences of food also existed, and a large mass containing fibres of muscle and lumps of undigested potatoes, moulded to the form of the antrum pylori were taken out, of the like solidity. The solidification of the contents of the stomach, of the food and the bile—their conversion, in fact, into stone—was complete, but the coats of the stomach appeared nearly normal. The heart was as hard as a piece of red jasper, exhibiting here and there those varied colours which give such beauty to that mineral. By means of a small hatchet it was separated from its connexions with the aorta, pulmonary artery, and vena cava, and with some difficulty was broken into pieces. The larger blood-vessels were all as rigid as pipe-stems, and in some cases the petrified blood could be cracked out from the veins, exhibiting a beautiful moulding upon the valves of the latter. The lungs were not collapsed at all. The brain exhibited nothing extraordinary, except the petrification of the blood-vessels. The contents of the lower intestines were not solidified. Triturating some petrified blood with four parts of carbonate of potassa, the whole was melted in a platinum crucible, with water at a high temperature, until a solution was formed, and by pouring a small quantity of this into a test-glass, containing a few drops of hydro-chloric acid, a beautiful and transparent jelly was precipitated, which was recognized as silica acid or silica. It is supposed that the water of the *geode* contained an immense quantity of silicic acid in a nascent and soluble condition, that on being swallowed it had entered into an unusual combination with the conjugated acids of the bile (acting as an alkali), and with the albuminose of the ingesta; that it had also been absorbed by the blood, and formed, perhaps, a silicate of albumen with that fluid (acting in this case as a feeble acid), and that the result had been a silicification or petrification of those substances for which it had most affinity!

#### MEETING FOR THE ENSUING WEEK. Mex. Entomological, 8.

#### PINE ARTS

*Guide to the Cathedrals of England and Wales: their History, Architecture, and Traditions.* By Mackenzie Walcott, M.A. (Stanford.)

Mr. Walcott, going on the just supposition that local handbooks are tiresome, dull, prolix and dear, publishes a cheap, portable Cathedral Guide, terse, clear and faithful, based on good and recent authorities, in order to help to remove the old charge, that we of the Bull race are apt to run abroad, and forget what is at home. Of his hobby the author speaks warmly:—

"Neither can it be forgotten, that under the shadow of these Houses of Prayer was set up the chair of the Master. They were for centuries the homes of the science and art of dark, rude ages; they garnered in their libraries, and multiplied with patient toil the MSS. which make the grand literature of our own times—the *Chronicles*, the *Classics*, the *Fathers of Theology*, and, above all, the sacred Word of God. They were schools of music, the hostels of the traveller, the barrier between the delays and assaults of feudal ignorance and the advance of civilization; they were the sanctuaries of the oppressed and fugitive in lawless ages. And now, while we reap the rich harvest of their labours, their sacrifice and devotion, which animated the benevolence, and drew forth those alms of the faithful which render them national heir-looms, these survive as visible sterling witnesses, while all else has passed away—the lives, hopes, powers, discomfitures, dreams, sorrows, and endurance of the builders,—the indisputable evidence of their spirit of reversion, love, and desire to glorify the Eternal upon the earth, displayed in the obscurest corners, in the cerebra of the darkest noval, and on the summit of the loftiest spire, where access is scarcely possible, which yet show as much care and finish as the noblest features

open to the eyes of a multitude. It is an era of better taste than the miserable reign of the revived Classic style, when Sir Christopher Wren sneered at Gothic Art, Fénelon compared a vicious style of rhetoric to its ornaments, and even old Bishop Tanner, antiquary as he was, qualified his acknowledgment of them as 'noble buildings' by adding, 'though not actually so grand and neat as Chelsea and Greenwich Hospitals.' Gray, passing through York, merely mentions that walnuts were cheap; Horace Walpole quietly speaks of Bristol Cathedral as 'very neat, and has pretty tombs'; of Worcester, 'it is very pretty, and has several tombs' (the diaper of one is commended because it served as the pattern of his staircase-paper at Strawberry Hill), and clusters of light Derbyshire marble lately cleaned. Gloucester has no higher commendation than this: 'The outside of the Cathedral is beautifully light; the pillars in the nave outrageously plump and heavy. Kent designed the screen.' Our readers will readily recall the well-known lines of Milton on surveying a Cathedral; or the fine expression of Coleridge: 'I am filled with devotion and with awe; I am lost to the actualities that surround me, and my whole being swells into the infinite: earth and air, nature and art, all swell up into Eternity: and the only sensible impression left is, I am nothing.'

Bristol by its river, Lincoln on its hill, Durham on its rock, are the very flowers of English Gothic architecture. Chapters of the history of England written in stone, records of the ideals, the alloys of many centuries of old faith, love and hope; of poetry, chivalry and religion; of misfortunes, joys and struggles; living witnesses of what was great and good in our ancestors' hearts; records of that church that, with all its errors, all through the Middle Ages kept up a continual protest against violence and ignorance, ever ready to guard the weak and rebuke the strong; always fostering growing civilization, like a young hothouse plant, still frail and weak, from the cold war-blast of king and nobles. Who can tell the effect of those great results of the Middle Ages upon the age! Did they not give life to Chatterton, and Wordsworth, and Scott; to Pugin and all modern writers; to Tennyson and all his imitators! Do they not enshrine our greatest dead, and form triumphal gates to our most honourable living! Is there a day in the year, but through alant grey rain or transparent sun-cloud, from some window in a close, or some old street framed by an arch, some thoughtful eye does not derive a new lesson from those old untiring preachers, these assertors of old faith, these fortresses of old religion! Literature still draws daily images from the details of these old buildings—from pierced cloister, starry roof, and stone boss of clustering lilies, unfading as heaven's—moulding, quatrefoil or rose. The marble shafts, the flying arches, the defaced crochets, the arcade of niches, the cinquefoiled parapet, like stone network; the porches, the dim consistory rooms, the mysterious triforium, where shadows pass all day and night in ghostly procession, are all dear to us. The worn sedilla where the dead monks sat, the old poppy-heads, the screen that cannot bar in the music, are like things in our father's house to all of us.

The traditions, too, of cathedrals are a vital part of our history. In Westminster we think of Dean Williams calling out to the Heylin he nauseated, "Have done, brother Peter, come down"; of the showman organist blowing down Barrow, who was eloquent, but tedious to the holiday folks, dying to see the wax-work kings; of audacious Atterbury, Pope's friend, reading the declaration of James the Second, while the frightened congregation shrank away, and left him alone with the Westminster boys; of William of Orange, who had his pocket picked at his own coronation; of Henry the Fifth offering the trappings of his Agincourt horses for priests' vestments. In Exeter, of murdered Edward; in Lichfield, of Lord Brooke, shot from the roof by Dumb Drott; in Canterbury, of Becket in his blood; in St. Paul's, of Wren going up in the basket to see his dome; in Durham, of St. Cuthbert, and his cruise in the stone coffin.

What a text for thinking Westminster Abbey must be to an American! Here is a place where every typical man in English history has stood; where nearly every monarch has been crowned; where so many kings have been buried. What a place to read history

—to sit upon the ground,  
And tell strange stories of the death of kings!

These cathedrals give one a sense of the Titanic inert mass of steadfast conservatism (good and bad) of the English character. There they are, with



their obsolete Misereres, abrogated altars, deserted nuns' walks, unused graves,—too large for an irreverent choir, a lazy bishop and absentee canons; yet still firm, sure, fast set, exhaling from every stone the myrrhy perfume of bygone incense, and the angels still smiling from their corbels at the good work; the atlas demons still groaning, like wall bats and crouching things of night, beneath the purgatory burden of thirteenth-century arches; a great echo of prayer and praise perpetually rising heavenward from the pile, as it has without intermission for, say five hundred years. We change, but they remain; they live out all our miserable strifes and foolish raptures; see us go the way of the weeds on their spouts and parapets; but still, with ascetic determination resist time and praise God.

Mr. Walcott, drastically determined not to get into ecstasies, confines himself to the severest facts,—and facts, after all, are the strongest, if not the finest, threads in the woof of imagination,—in that tapestry wherewith memory decorates the hard, bare walls of this our prison-house. He tells us, for instance, how that fierce Welshman, Owen Glendower, the hero of Dolgelly, burnt down Bangor Cathedral to spite the English bishop,—burned down the unlucky church that was always getting mauled by Welshmen and English, though it did roof over dead Welsh kings,—burned it, screen and bell-roof, quatrefoil and weather moulding. He tells us how Bath Abbey, the abbey of the "Sun-water's" city, was the last cathedral built in England,—how it was half pulled down at the Dissolution, and then rebuilt,—and how its Jacob's-ladder dream of good Bishop Oliver King, who restored it in 1495, is still extant in the west front; and how under its shadow lie oddly mixed (for Death does not sort his guests) poor, fat Quin the actor, and impudent Beau Nash, Malthus the frightened economist, and Lady Waller. He goes on, in alphabetical stages, to Bristol Cathedral, half destroyed by Bristol rioters, half pulled down by greedy Hal,—where loads of Berkeleys sleep in niches in company with Bird the artist, Mrs. Mason, and rotten-hearted Sterne's Eliza.

Canterbury brings us on to the Anselms, Lanfrances, and turbulent O'Connell Becketts,—where French kings have united, and where ten archbishops take their rest under the Bell Harry tower, the clock ticking, and the choral voice of praise up-soaring. Then follows Chester, with its echoes of Welsh battle-cries;—Chichester, where in the cloister-paradise lies Chillingworth; over whose grave Waller's soldiers, little heeding, camped;—Durham, where all our early kings doffed their crowns at St. Cuthbert's shrine,—where Bede listened in his grave to Warburton's condescending worship of God. Then there is Ely, where Canute listened to the monk's song,—and Exeter, where the modern Laud held his tyrannical court;—Gloucester, where Bishop Hooper was murdered for religion, (as St. Peter was,) much to the disgust of King Edward's ghost, who posted up from Berkeley to see the crime at the minster-gate,—here Jenner and Raikes lie, and crowds of forgotten judges and bishops. Shall we pass by Hereford, where Wyatt the destroyer did his worst; which was worse than Cromwell's?—Lichfield, where Johnson and Garrick's busts, like friendly Staffordshire men, are cheek by jowl,—Lincoln, that the Bishop overlooks, and the Devil and the Chapter look over,—Peterborough, where two injured women, Catherine of Aragon and Mary of Scots, sleep, forgetful of injuries,—St. Paul's, the grave of giants,—and Westminster, the tomb-house of poets and kings? The poets have the best of it now; and the kings, side by side in the vaults, as they hear the crowds jostling to the Poets' Corner, mumble in unison, "Neither forget thou that thou in thy lifetime had good things and Lazarus evil things: therefore, he is comforted and ye are forgotten."

It might perhaps be as well that Mr. Walcott, who can write well, should publish a larger book, as a companion to this friendly skeleton, for those who want more help to their imagination, or who are stopping some time in a cathedral town, and yet have no time or opportunity to consult Dugdales and Willis. As to writing, the following extracts will, we think, quite prove our case. Not

many antiquarian writers could cram so much potted knowledge about Westminster into so small a tub, and yet make it palatable:—

"The valley of roof above; the loftiness of the superb central avenue enhanced by the lower vaults of the triforium and lateral chapels; the retiring interiors of the chantries and shrines; the misty gloom; the broad opaque impenetrable shadows, every shaft and arch pointing upward; the details of ornament indefinite in their multitudinous parts; the interlacing of columns and crossing of aisles—all lend an illusive appearance of greater height, distance, and immensity. Without the world is shut out; beneath are the dead; and within is the consciousness of communion with something far above us, the sense of an unearthly presence."

Of Wells, Mr. Walcott speaks glowingly, particularly of that great open stone book, that the Judgment Day will alone, we hope, shut and cancel,—we mean the superb west front.—

"Flaxman, Stothard, and Cockerell—sculptor, painter, and architect—have all borne enthusiastic testimony to the superb west front, entirely covered with sculptures, one hundred and fifty-three of the size of life and larger, and upwards of four hundred and fifty of smaller figures, in niches, subjects from the Holy Bible, embodying the whole of Christian scheme, from the creation of Adam to the day of final retribution, which crowns the central gable, while, in the third tier, are designs from the Old Testament traditionally arranged on the south side, and those drawn from the New Testament to the north of the western portal: a plan or idea the same as was followed by Raffaele and Michael Angelo. In the first arcade are the early missionaries, the most ancient and sublime. Above these are two tiers of kings and queens, on the north: bishops, saints, and religious, on the south, from the foundation of the church to the reign of Henry the Third: while in the sixth tier, in the upper niches, and on the south and north fronts, are portrayed the dead rising from the grave, in the attitude and with the expression betokening their various emotions at meeting the great day—rapturous joy, and wonder and despair. In the seventh are the orders of angels, in the eighth apostles, in the ninth the Eternal Judge. All is grand, simple, earnest. For artistic skill and excellence they are not surpassed by any contemporaneous sculptures on the Continent: they are accurate transcripts of nature—simple, faithful, and sublime; the figures are carefully and gracefully draped and full of action; the details of costume are minute, and the whole composition chaste and dignified. Although in parts severe and rude, and anatomically incorrect, yet, plety, fine sentiment, and taste, shine irresistibly through the whole. It was the achievement of an English artist, working at the same period as Nicolo Pisano, in Italy, and completing his labour two years after the birth of Cimabue. Cockerell estimated the cost of production at 20,000*l.* sterling; and it cannot fail to have been a subject of remark, that here, as in so many other instances, the workman is nameless—for although we have assigned the fabric to a bishop or a prior, it must be understood that it does not follow that they were the architects, but rather that to their aims or efforts they are mainly to be attributed, while in some cases the reason has been, that it was the most convenient method for defining a date.

Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,  
Will never mark the marble with his name."

We close this book with a regret as when, on some chance visit to a holy cathedral week-day service, we have been roused from visions of Jacob's ladder, of which the rounds were sunbeams and the nails stars,—of hot, red deserts, where fiery suns lay crouching behind flame-bars, for Hagar and her parched child,—by the loud blurt and blare of the organ, warning us to depart, with a music-thunder that brought the ague of centuries of frosty, moonless nights into the minds of the rows of crimson-robed and jewel-crowned saints in the luminous windows. As the last white whiff of the last chorister's robe faded away down the dim darkness of the cloisters, and the last mellow glimmer of the last canon's bald head passed into the sacristy, we have looked up to hear "Blow in A" float its last bubbles of music, like singing thistle, down the dusty crockets of the bishop's throne, up to the curling roses that bossed the roofs,—and then slowly, and with reluctant steps, wandered dreamily out, like a dismissed monk,—driven out again into the cold east-wind world to stop and stare about at the steeple, shot like a stone-arrow at the sky,—at the airy finials, where the starlings build,—at the bell's home,—knowing that to the good men of centuries this has been indeed the loved of God, and indeed a gate of Heaven.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—We have received an Illustrated Litany, sketched from an illuminated MS. of the fourteenth century, now in the British Museum. The copier, Mr. Westlake (Hamilton, Adams & Co.), says of it:—

"The accompanying illustrations from the Psalter of 1320 are presented as a specimen of English design at that period. Fortunately for greater care and execution their chief beauty is in the outline. The interest naturally felt for such a proof of artistic culture existing in this country contempo-

aneously with the great school of Giotto in Italy, has been a considerable inducement to publish these reproductions. The nature and high character of English Art at this period is not so generally known as that of Italy and other countries; the destruction of the greater portion of our mural paintings, much sculpture, many brasses, and illuminations, may have something to do with this; consequently illuminations of these periods are doubly valuable to the English. Although it is most probable that the master who designed these works did not confine himself to miniatures, nothing else that we can recognize by him is left. The general arrangement of the original pages, which is remarkably good, was probably sketched by the artist himself, but the foot-pictures only of the Litany and Psalter remain as they left his hand—outlines slightly but beautifully tinted. Those heading the pages and the initial letters are in body colour; and we are led to suppose them to have been painted over his sketches by pupils or other artists from their inferiority of workmanship, and the poor combination of colour: if they have gained in effect, they have lost in delicacy, etc. It appears, from an inscription on the last page of the MS., that it was about to be taken out of the country by some sailors, when purchased by Baldwin Smith, a merchant of London, and presented to Queen Mary Tudor, Oct. 1553. Should the portion now published be moderately successful it is proposed to issue larger editions of other works by the same master. The Old Testament, which is entirely as it left his hand, will follow."

—The subjects of this curious book are:—  
"Title, a design to suit the work; subject from Revel. c. viii.

Plate 1.—Our Lord seated in glory—The Resurrection of the Dead.—St. Paul receives authority to kill the Christians.

Pl. 2.—The Saved entering Heaven—The Condemned to Hell.—St. Paul's conversion.

Pl. 3.—Our Lord suckled by the blessed Virgin Mother—Ananias receives orders to visit St. Paul, and conducts him to his house.

Pl. 4.—Various Angels and Archangels—Ananias heals St. Paul's blindness.—St. Paul sues with Ananias.

Pl. 5.—Moses and six other Patriarchs, &c.—St. John Baptist and six others.

Pl. 6.—Four Apostles, various.—St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Andrew, St. John Ev.—St. Paul preaches at Athens.

Pl. 7.—Eight Apostles, &c.—St. Paul performs a miracle before Nero.

Pl. 8.—Two groups of Apostles and Evangelists.—St. Paul receives the handkerchief of Placidia, or Plantilla.

Pl. 9.—A Bishop and three deacons.—St. Stephen and other martyrs.—St. Paul is beheaded.—St. Denis and another stand by.

Pl. 10.—A Pope, King, two Bishops, &c.—St. Denis and three other Martyrs.—St. Paul appears to Nero, after his death.

Pl. 11.—Various—Pope, Bishops, &c.—St. Margaret is first seen by the Prevost Olybrius; he asks her to become his wife, or concubine.

Pl. 12.—Various—Pope, Bishops, Confessors, &c.—King, Bishops and Confessor.—St. Margaret is brought before her parents, and refuses both to marry him and worship his gods.

Pl. 13.—St. Mary Magdalene, St. Mary of Egypt, St. Margaret, St. Scholastica.—St. Margaret is whipped and torn by order of the Prevost.

Pl. 14.—Various Virgins and Religious.—St. Margaret condemned to prison.

Pl. 15.—Various Saints praying.—St. Margaret praying on the dragon.

Pl. 16.—Various Saints, &c. praying.—St. Margaret overcomes the Devils.

Pl. 17.—St. Margaret before the Prevost.

Pl. 18.—She is placed in a cauldron of boiling water, but her endurance converts her tormentors.

Pl. 19.—St. Margaret is condemned to death, for fear her endurance should convert more.

Pl. 20.—She is led to execution—Certain women, encoined, ask her prayers.

Pl. 21.—She prays for them and her tormentors—A Voice from Heaven tells her she is heard.

Pl. 22.—St. Margaret is beheaded.

Pl. 23.—St. Margaret's burial.

Pl. 24.—Carried to Our Lord by the Angels.

Pl. 25.—The Birth of St. Nicholas.

Pl. 26.—St. Nicholas refuses the breast a second time on fasting days, &c.

Pl. 27.—A poor nobleman his friend is afflicted, and his daughters, not knowing how to sustain him, think of doing so by sin.

Pl. 28.—St. Nicholas hears of their distress, and in the night sends a lump of gold, for which they return thanks to God.—St. Nicholas hears of their gratitude, and the second night sends two lumps secretly.

Pl. 29.—St. Nicholas chosen Bishop.

Pl. 30.—St. Nicholas made Bishop of Myra.

Pl. 31.—St. Nicholas restores to life three youths who have been cut up and placed in a tub.

Pl. 32.—St. Nicholas quiets the tempest."

—There is wonderful ease, power, and grace in these designs, where hooded women, and saints, with flowing robes and banded shoes, kneel to God appearing in the clouds,—the drapery well composed, and the grouping admirable, with an evident entire knowledge of the nude; the limbs being finely hinted, and with great knowledge,—age, rank, and sex closely attended to. The St. Margaret legend, that pretty story of the holiness and power of virginity, is well illustrated. We see her with innocent face, with cross and holy water, routing the horned, hairy, web-footed devils with signal success. We follow her before the Saxon king of a

prevost, as, dragged by the hips, the saintly termagant scolds the tyrant in a religious but severe way. Here she is simmering gently in a three-legged cauldron of boiling water, at which two railing, anxious slaves puff eagerly with bellows—she is boiling, good woman, in a very calm, saintly way, much to our edification, under bars of great Latin letters, with turnpike-gate initials. Here she is brought before some other stipendiary, who sits judiciously, cross-legged. Here, in another page, she goes to death praying, and a halo round her head, three mourning women following her; a ruffian holding her by the wrist. Here she kneels,—two soldiers mocking her cries,—Christ speaking to her from the clouds. The boorish derisiveness of the tormentors is worthy of all praise,—and, plate 22, she is beheaded—“a knave clutches her by the hair as he waives a short, heavy scimitar in his hand,—in 23 she is laid in a sarcophagus; a pious care is visible in the mourners.—24. The angels present her to God.—25. is the birth of St. Nicholas, a most simple and touching scene: the mother lies on her bed, from which a servant is removing and folding back the curtains. Her cheek rests on her arm, and she looks in the little cradle where the child lies swaddled.—27. a poor nobleman is asleep, watched by his three daughters, who are debating how to maintain him. The saint who, when a child, refused the breast on fasting-days, hears of their trouble, and drops some gold in at the window. The faces of the girls and the youthful saints express much beauty. In other vignettes we see the saint of pawnbrokers and thieves elected bishop amid friends who look deeply sympathizing in his election. But the good saint cannot be quiet here; he crops out again, reviving three lads who had been murdered, cut up and pickled in a tub. The lads spring up in the strange old monkish design like so many jacks-in-the-box; and, lastly, we see him stilling a storm and rescuing one of those bow-shaped boats peculiar to missals.

The Eleventh Report of the Commissioners on the Fine Arts, connected with Her Majesty's Palace at Westminster, states that in the progress of the works recommended to be undertaken, the series of eighteen metal statues (for the House of Lords) of Barons and Prelates, representing the principal personages who signed Magna Charta, has been completed. In St. Stephen's Hall—standing on the site of the old House of Commons—twelve marble statues, of Selden, Hampden, Falkland, Clarendon, Somers, Sir Robert Walpole, Chatham, Mansfield, Burke, Fox, Pitt, and Grattan, are now standing “objects of great interest and attraction to the public.” We are further told that Mr. Macleise has been released from his engagement to paint a subject in fresco in the Painted Chamber or Conference Hall, some difficulties having been found to exist with regard to the lighting. 1,500l. has been appropriated to the painting of twenty-eight whole-length portraits of personages connected with the Tudor family, for the Prince's Chamber, of which fifteen have now been completed. Twelve compartments in the same room are to be filled with metal casts from models of bas-reliefs, the subjects relating to events corresponding with the periods of our history to which the before-named portraits belong. Eleven of these models, by Mr. W. Theed, have been completed, and ten, cast in metal by Messrs. Elkington & Co., have been fixed in their places in the Prince's Chamber. Gibson's statue of Her Majesty, with figures of Justice and Clemency at the sides, has been placed in the recess on the north side of the apartment. In the Peers' Corridor two subjects have been executed in fresco by Mr. Cope, and in the Commons' Corridor two by Mr. Ward. Mr. Macleise will paint in fresco one of the eighteen subjects in the Royal Gallery, at the price of 1,000l. Mr. Dyce who had already completed, at the date of the last report, four frescoes relating to the legend of King Arthur, has ready a cartoon of large dimensions for another fresco of the series. For the Peers' Robing Room, Mr. Herbert has completed a large cartoon for the subject of “Moses bringing down the Tables of the Law to the Israelites.”

Of the four colossal statues which are to adorn the pedestal of the Belgian Congress Column, two

have been intrusted to the hands of M. Geefs, Professor at the Academy of Antwerp, viz. the Liberty of the Press, and the Liberty of Education. Of these statues the Liberty of the Press is finished; the model has been sent last week from Antwerp to Liège for casting. M. Geefs represents the Liberty of the Press as a stalwart woman with severe countenance, expressive of vigour, determination, and boldness. The left arm of the figure rests on a printing-press, while the right hand holds a wreath indicating that under the sway of a Free Press everything thrives and blooms. The statue is crowned with laurel, as a symbol of a brilliant popular victory; on its forehead shines the star of immortality. The execution of the work is pronounced to be masterly.

The *Wiener Zeitung* contains a proclamation of King Otho, of Greece, by which the architects of all countries are invited to participate in the competition for the building of a Museum, at Athens, which is destined for the reception of the works of ancient Art which have already been collected in Greece, as well as of those which likely will be found there still.

Prof. Lessing's newest work—‘The Arresting of Pope Paschalis’—has been bought by the King of Prussia for the sum of 10,000 thalers, and will be publicly exhibited at Berlin. Prof. Lessing has left Düsseldorf to live at Carlsruhe, whither he was invited by the Grand-Duke of Baden. He has been appointed Director of the Picture Gallery there.

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

MR. and MRS. HOWARD PAUL'S Comic, Musical, and Pantomime Drawing-room Entertainment, “PATCHWORK,” at the EGYPTIAN HALL, EVERY EVENING, at Eight (during Mr. Albert Smith's absence abroad). Saturday Mornings at Three.—Stalls, 3s.; Ares, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. No extra for booking places. The Sale is newly decorated.

#### BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.

It is not exaggerating to assert that, whatsoever be the musical capacity, fastidiousness, or fatigue of the listener—let him have run the gauntlet even of singing, playing, or hearing—through so tremendous a London season as the one just over has been, there is an over-ruling “spirit and vivacity” (to quote quaint Lady Strange) about a Birmingham Festival which is to be found nowhere else in England—a completeness in execution and organization—in the manners as well as the music of the meeting—which will compel his enjoyment. In certain points of selection we are at issue with the managers. They make too little of the Birmingham organ, and “too nothing” of solo instrumental music. It would be invidious to point out where we fancy the pruning-knife might have been applied to the list of vocal engagements for 1858,—but this could have been judiciously done so as to “make play” for Miss Goddard, or Herr Joachim, M. Halle, or M. Saindon, or Signor Piatti. A local audience, we know, is ill to deal with; but it may, and should, be led; and the Birmingham management is strong enough to lead it and sagacious enough to do so without vexatious pedantry.—Every three years, we may remark, in all its musical provisions, a greater regard for the general excellence and interest of the music produced than for the fashions of the hour, whatever those may be. This year it has further shown its liberality, by affording to an English composer such an opportunity as English composer was never before indulged with. We shall be glad, three years hence, —and so, we believe, will be the audience, now trained so highly,—to have some retrenchment of ballads and opera-music from the concert-schemes, in favour of a nightly *Concerto*. We now proceed to offer a note or two on the performances of the several days. The first part of ‘Elijah,’ brilliantly as it went off, gave occasion for comment and caution. It would be a pity should the perfect acquaintance of every one concerned with that magnificent work,—the splendour of such an orchestra and chorus as was collected at Birmingham (this year more splendid than ever), and the admirable disciplinary power of the conductor,—lead to the execution, on every repetition of the oratorio, being overdone. Yet something of the sort was the case on Tuesday. With a view, possibly, of exceeding the memorable

performance of 1855, the majority of the choruses were taken at a tempo so much too rapid, as just that much to deprive them of due effect. A superabundance of spirit (which, however, is a fault on the right side, our sluggish national taste and temperament especially considered), may produce results resembling fever or levity. There is neither the one nor the other in Mendelssohn's music anywhere. The performance of the second act was far finer. The singers, one and all, did their best; but Mr. Weiss, the *Elijah*, would be wise were he to give his voice a little rest, if he means it to retain its once fine tone for a few years to come.

In the miscellaneous act of the first evening concert, among the items claiming remark was, Miss Balfe's singing of Pacini's *cavatina*, “Il soave bel contento,” as a piece of execution superfluously and indiscreetly elaborate. Signor Tamberlik gained honours, in the War Hymn from ‘Le Prophète.’ Madame Viardot was in her fullest force in the scene “O mon Fernand,” from ‘La Favorita.’ The Overture to ‘Le Siège de Corinthe’ (Signor Rossini's best overture) was magnificently played. The cardinal attraction of the evening, however, was Handel's delicious *Serenata*, ‘Acis and Galatea.’ We have now (referring to what was said a fortnight ago) to speak in high praise of Signor Costa's additions to the score. Those by Mozart—it was pertinently observed in the book of the words—are too delicate for a force so large as the five hundred players and singers at Birmingham. These by Signor Costa are enriching and supporting—nowhere intrusive, in nowise contradictory of the design, but completing it for performance on a scale of which its maker never dreamed. We should enjoy to hear ‘Acis’ given, as it may have been originally, with a small and sweet chorus, and a player at the pianoforte as able as Handel to fill the gaps and to cover the nakednesses of the score; but Handel (as we said on the occasion of the Sydenham Festival) is elastic. His outlines are so grand, his designs are so clear, his colours are so pure, that his creations will bear a magnifying as well as a diminishing glass, and ‘Acis,’ as was proved at Birmingham, is capable of being presented on a grand scale, so as to excite great interest. The choruses went superbly, and the singers were up to the mark of the choruses. In better hands the *solos* could not have been placed. Mr. Sims Reeves is peculiarly excellent in “Love sounds the alarm,”—no one in our memory having sung the tenor *bravuras* of Handel so well as he. Madame Novello gave “Heart, thou seat of soft delight,” deliciously, and Signor Belletti was a *Polyphemus*, at once as agile and brutal, but without a tinge of coarseness, as it is possible to imagine. The skill with which this great vocalist gets the utmost out of his voice without ever forcing it, should be taken as a lesson by every singer who hears him. Mr. Montem Smith, the best second tenor of our acquaintance, was steady and efficient as *Damon*.

The repetition of ‘Eli,’ on Wednesday morning, was in all respects satisfactory, and confirmed every opinion conceived of the genuine qualities of the oratorio, as music alike sterling and characteristic, without strain or eccentricity. Some portions were better wrought out than they were three years ago—among them, the Chorus of the Revellers in the Temple. The concerted music was excellently ripe and finished. Most welcome, too, was the exchange of Herr Fornes for Signor Belletti. Though the part of *Eli* lies too low for the Italian artist's voice, he is so consummately an artist, that not a note nor phrase was overlooked in which there was any possibility of his making a legitimate effect. The execution was as complete as the conception was dignified. The oratorio seemed to please more even than it did on its first performance, and this, not only in those simpler portions which have already become household music, but in its more complicated numbers.

Wednesday's concert was less interesting than its predecessor: inasmuch as it was more miscellaneous. Among the choice things in it were Rossini's Overture to ‘Guillaume Tell,’ played incomparably,—Madame Viardot's *rondo* from ‘L'Italiana.’ This lady has been singing throughout the



week as she has never before sung in England, with a uniform force, evenness, and expressive grandeur of style and variety of fancy, which during former visits never failed to be indicated, but, sometimes, were but incompletely exhibited. Miss Balfe, too, sang better than on the Tuesday: but execution so profuse as hers demands regulation.—Among the novelties were Mendelssohn's *Cantata*, 'To the Sons of Art,' for male quartet, male chorus, and brass instruments. This we like less than most of his late compositions; and the right effect of it was lost, inasmuch as a chorus of two thousand singers is bound together by the brass instruments which accompany it,—whereas a chorus of two hundred is out-brayed by them.—Mr. Sloper's duett 'Old Memories,' produced at his Concert, has been since scored by him, and proves more effective with orchestra than with pianoforte accompaniment.

We must reserve, for another week, our notes on the remainder of the Festival performances, adding merely a miscellaneous remark or two. This year's Birmingham Festival will probably prove the most productive in point of musical receipts which has till now been held in the town. For Thursday's 'Messiah' every ticket was disposed of by Monday, and some days earlier an announcement was put forth that owing to the run without precedent on guinea admissions to that Oratorio, it was found necessary to do away with all the half-guinea, or unreserved, seats. The audience on such occasions it does the heart good to observe. Its sincere enjoyment and appreciation of twenty-three days' work by a battered man aged fifty-nine, who died some hundred years ago, but whose "name liveth for evermore," have something in them ennobling and inspiring. They should act as a spur to every one with a spark of poetry in his soul who thinks of his art rather than of its immediate results.—Probably a larger number of healthy, intelligent, open faces and well-grown forms could be found in no other assemblage. We were struck more than ever this year by the comeliness of the inhabitants of this comely midland county—for comely is Warwickshire, in spite of the forges, chimneys, and cinder-heaps, which here and there blot the fair face of Nature by bringing up treasures from its depths. We were struck the more with this, it may be, because a late Festival experience tempted us to comparison. Not long since [*Athen.* No. 1596] we registered the impressions during a rapid flight across Belgium into the Rhineland for the Whitsuntide Festival at Cologne. The Rhinelanders would have no reason to complain of a route less picturesque and characteristic than that one if, after reaching London (perhaps by the Thames) he took Windsor, Oxford, Compton (with its old house), Warwick and Kenilworth Castles, on his way to our greatest English Festival. He must, however, we fear, find something to envy in such a general musical excellence and (latterly) earnestness of execution as a Birmingham music-meeting affords him.

As appendix to this week's notice, let us correct a slight mis-statement or two in the concert-books of the Festival, because the care and elegance with which they are prepared naturally causes them to be preserved as records. Into these the fewer errors that creep the better. It is a mistake to have said that the *Cantata*, "To the Sons of Art," written for two thousand five hundred performers by Mendelssohn in 1846, and performed at the Cologne Men's Singing Festival, was performed in the open air. The scene was the old hall of the Gürzenich. Again, when Mendelssohn's 'Lauda Sion' was produced at Liège the week previously, there was no "indifference," as is here asserted.—The Hymn, it is true, had been prepared with such imperfect resources that on his arrival at Liège Mendelssohn declined to conduct it. To these things we can speak on the authority of eye-witnesses, and they will be found recorded in the *Athenæum* of the year.—One word more while on the subject of rectification:—the passage of modulation in the 'Lauda Sion' which intervenes betwixt the numbers "Sit Laus plena" and "In hac mensa" is merely a temporary matter to replace for the moment a verse which was withdrawn as not having satisfied Mendelssohn, and which he intended to re-compose.

LYCEUM.—On Thursday week this theatre reopened under the management of Mr. Falconer, the author of 'The Cagots.' He commenced with a new domestic drama of his own, in three acts, entitled 'Extremes; or, Men of the Day.' The hero of the piece was to have been represented by Mr. Leigh Murray, who however, it is stated on the bills, neglected to attend the rehearsals, wherefore the author himself, solicitous to keep faith with the public, undertook the part. The new play had an extraordinary success. This was partly owing to the earnest endeavour of the author to portray the manners of the present time, and his constant introduction of topics now currently discussed in society, though not commonly on the stage. These manners, too, are local; the manners, to wit, of Lancashire millionaires, in which wealth and fashion may be found unaccompanied by refinement. Riches, good-heartedness, and vulgarity are particularly displayed in the family of the *Wildbriars*; the mother, admirably impersonated by Mrs. Weston, leading off the group in grand style,—and Mr. Emery and Miss Kate Saxon representing the Lancashire lad and lass most characteristically. The story—though not the situations—of Mr. Falconer's drama is sufficiently novel. The basis of it is laid in the fortunes of two brothers. George Hawthorne had worked his way upwards from the condition of a labourer and inventor to that of a capitalist; but his brother, of a more poetical turn of mind, had written the songs that were sung by the workmen, with no other recompense than their good-will and ready welcome to the bar of the public-house, thereby leading to habits of social intemperance and improvidence, that separated him from the staidier and more prosperous George. Both, at the opening of the play, are deceased. George has left a large estate and much money,—the poor Manchester poet merely a deserving nephew, who inherits his father's intelligence, happily without his failings. The will of the former is read in the first act of the play, when we find that Nephew Frank and a Miss Vavasour divide the property on condition of marrying each other in the course of six months; or, in case of the refusal of either, the whole is to be inherited by the other; and, should both refuse, to be applied to the foundation of a charitable institution.

Ill counselled by her mother and Sir Lionel Norman, Miss Vavasour enters into a plan for so disgusting Frank Hawthorne that he should feel compelled to reject her, and so forfeit his share of the property to her; but she plays her part so ill that Frank sees through it, and determines on a course of annoyance, retorting on her coadjutors *badinage* which he had suffered from them. Ultimately, this state of things culminates in a quarrel with Sir Lionel, who challenges Frank to a duel; but to this the young lady pointedly objects, and it becomes apparent that she begins to entertain different sentiments in regard to him, and the act terminates with a probability that the testator's intentions will be realized. At length the time has expired allowed by him, and Frank Hawthorne, in order thoroughly to test the evident change of conduct in Miss Vavasour, has made no advances. Miss Wildbriar, however, who, though a rude, "is a clever little girl" (for so she is labelled by the author), has discovered that Frank really loves the mistaken heroine, and takes care to place her proofs in the hands of the latter. The hero, meanwhile, is tempted both by Sir Lionel and the young lady's mother to compromise the matter, but he turns a deaf ear to their interested counsel and keeps his own. The lawyer, on the part of the executor, then furnishes him and Miss Vavasour with blank forms of acceptance or rejection; when the latter signs her consent and he his generous refusal. All around them think that now the matter is settled,—they are mistaken, for the time has arrived when the heroine shall show in turn the nobility of her character; and she declares before all, that, from the moment she had discovered Frank Hawthorne's moral worth and intellectual merit, she had sincerely loved him, though hitherto restrained by pride from making the first advances.

The outline we have given necessarily omits the

lights and shades that are distributed over this series of dialogues by the intervention of the secondary characters, whose under-play is continually breaking in on the main action, and making a diversion in favour of the humorous and familiar. There is, therefore, a succession of inferior situations that interlace the principal. These, we regret to add, are, like the reading of the will, almost all referable to some preceding model. As in the play of 'The Cagots,' the author borrowed the situations of many operas; so in the present, he seems to have taken those of some half-dozen popular dramas, and, as the contributors to *Annuals* write illustrative stories and poems to pictures that had previously done duty elsewhere, to have composed a new fable and new dialogues, so skilfully contrived as to introduce the old points of the scene and the usual well-tryed juxtaposition of characters. But the play does in nowise depend on these situations: the dialogue, and that only, is its sheet-anchor. It is, nevertheless, to be regretted that Mr. Falconer should resort to these stage conventions, when, with his evident originality of mind, he might, as we think, have given us a play which should be as fresh in action as the present is in dialectic power, and, in many instances, in character. Notwithstanding all drawbacks, the public have received the new drama almost with acclamation; and it is due to his patrons that, in his future ventures, Mr. Falconer should give them the native produce of his own invention, in place of the more or less worn-out expedients already invented by others.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—The financial result of the Hereford Festival is a shade less desolate than seems to have been feared at the beginning of last week. 'The Messiah' appears, with its never-failing charm, to have brought matters round. There is still, however, a falling off from the sum realized in 1855,—and "one says"—(why not thus translate "*on dit*")—that the meeting may possibly not be attempted again, and that "the Dean has done it all." The name of the Dean—Dr. Dawes—stands so deservedly high with all believers in popular education, that we cannot but regret that his conscience should have taken the narrow and acetic side of the question, to the point of attempting counter-influence,—if such has been the case. One word in regard to the performances of the Hereford Festival. Miss Vinning is universally credited with having sung very well on the occasion.

English Opera at Drury Lane will commence on Monday week.—Sadler's Well's commences its ordinary season next Saturday.

There is no doubt that Mlle. Piccolomini is a first favourite in Dublin. Last year, certain *Dramaticans* were displeased at the *Athenæum* because it laughed at the bird let down on the head of the lady, and the song with which she was greeted from the celestial regions of the theatre. This year, they have taken the horses from her carriage, and drawn her in triumph to her hotel. By way of Italian gratitude to Irish warm-heartedness, Signor Aldighieri wrote a song of thanksgiving, which Signor Giuglini set to music,—the whole having been executed by poet, musician, and public favourite, on an *extra* evening, devoted to a farewell performance.—It is said that other artists, who have fared less well, have taken farewell of Mr. Lumley's company; that Mlles. Spezia and Ortolani, also Signor Vialletti—have accepted autumnal engagements in Spain,—that Signor Belletti is about to "take his ease" in Italy,—that Mlle. Albani is secured for Paris, and Mlle. Piccolomini (as we know) for America. These secessions will make it difficult for Mr. Lumley to perform opera in the country or during early winter. This no real lover of music in England, who shares our feeling in regard to "wandering minstrelsy," or to cheap and imperfect versions of inferior music, will regret.—Rumours are current that Lord Ward will possibly relinquish *Her Majesty's Theatre*, or close it. The foreign papers announce this, we perceive (on the authority, it may be presumed, of foreign artists),—others announcing that Mr. Lumley is "re-

cruting" on the Continent. Were there any use in giving counsel, we might express a hope that his system of three years' engagements will be abandoned. In a theatre which lives by and on its "stars" such "permanencies" bear particularly hard on foreign artists, and only serve to hamper, not help, a management. We could illustrate this abundantly from facts within our knowledge; but such illustration would merely irritate, not edify.

As an instance of "the ruling passion strong in death," it is deserving of record that the last intelligible words uttered by Mr. Harley were a quotation from Shakespeare. In the language of *Bottom* the dying comedian murmured, "I have an exposition of sleep coming on me." Rumours are afloat that Mr. Harley has not, as might have been expected, died rich. He appears to have ventured into some speculations, in which the earnings of a long and successful life have been dissipated. Some time since he alluded to the probability of his falling back on the Fund, of which he had so long been the treasurer.

Mr. Anderson commenced another series of farewell performances at the Standard on Monday; which, we believe, are designed to extend over a fortnight. Mr. Douglass acts also on some of the nights in 'Ben the Boatwain,' as an after-piece. For his week's performance of this part at Drury Lane, Mr. Anderson presented Mr. Douglass with a draft for sixty pounds,—being the same rate of remuneration which he himself receives from that manager.

#### MISCELLANEA

*The Vanhomrighs.*—From the 'Literary Relics' and the correspondence of Bishop Berkeley, who was one of the executors, as well as a residuary legatee, to Esther Vanhomrigh (Stella), the last survivor of the family, some facts may be collected of interest in themselves, and strongly supporting the views of your correspondent [*ante*, p. 26] as to the improvidence of the family. The mother, it appears, died in London in 1714; yet her funeral expenses and other debts were not paid when Esther died in 1723! On the 20th of July 1795 Berkeley thus wrote to his agent in Dublin:—"You should by all means insist, carry and secure \* \* that Marshall should engage not to touch one penny of it till all debts on this side the water are satisfied. \* \* Mrs. Hill has been with me, who says the debt was the mother's originally, but Mrs. Esther made it her own, by giving a note for the same under her hand, which note is now in Dublin. Mr. Clarke hath likewise shown me a letter of Mrs. Esther's (written by him but signed by her) acknowledging the debt for her mother's funeral. And, indeed, it seems she must have necessarily given order for that, and so contract the debt, since the party deceased could not be supposed to have ordered her own burial." That Barthol. Vanhomrigh was settled in Dublin before the landing of King William in 1690, as your Correspondent conjectures, is, I think, proved by the following facts. Esther, as shown, was of age in or before 1711—her father must therefore have been married in or before 1689, and he married the daughter of Stone, the Commissioner, brother to the Accountant-General of Ireland.

T.

*Religious Trading Societies.*—Loud and many ought to be the thanks of the country booksellers to you for taking up their grievances and wrongs in the cause of certain charitable institutions. We look upon the *Athenæum* as our organ, and I will ask you, if you wish to be a friend to the bookseller, to give every publicity to the encroachments that are made upon our legitimate rights by these so-called charitable institutions. It has been my lot within the last two years to attend several church-openings in my neighbourhood. Such gatherings are generally of the rich and influential, especially when contiguous to a fashionable bathing-place. My capacity upon one occasion was to assist the churchwardens in showing the congregation into their pews and afterwards collecting the alms, and never was I

more astonished than when I found half the Bibles and Prayer-Books used by this fashionable congregation were those either of the Bible Society or the Christian Knowledge Society, in their best morocco bindings. Again, this is not the only evil: we have in our small town a Christian Knowledge Society depot,—which has a well-selected stock of fancy-bound books, not fit for the *bravest hands of the poor*; but in connexion with the same is carried on the National Society, which is for the supply of cheap note-paper, envelopes, and other stationery, also for the poor, which is also well adapted for the use of the rich. We have several clergymen in this neighbourhood who take pupils, every one of whom obtains, even to his slates, his supply from this National Society. Not only this, but the depot is made a kind of convenience for the clergy to write their notes, to leave their parcels, and make their appointments. Are these the purposes for which the public intend their subscriptions? Is this the way the public money should be spent? Not only to them is the injustice done, but to the poor unfortunate booksellers and stationers, and by whom but by those to whom a solemn trust is imposed, and from whom we ought to hope for a better example. I heartily thank you for taking up our cause, and hope the cry will be universal throughout the land; and believe many will be the thanks that will be showered upon you for thus advocating the cause of

#### THE COUNTRY BOOKSELLER.

*Decimal Coinage.*—Your Correspondent, "W.T.," in the *Athenæum* of the 7th inst., proposes—on the supposition that the pound-and-mill system will eventually be adopted—that the thick and broad rimmed penny now in use should for the present be declared worth five mills, and the thinner and narrow rimmed one worth four. This would be attended, in practice, with embarrassment, as many pence of both kinds are so much worn and battered that very often it would not be easy to make the distinction between them. The following plan would seem more feasible:—Let the pound be declared worth a thousand farthings or mills; let each penny, of whatever kind, be declared worth five mills, and each halfpenny worth two. This being done, let those who prefer a decimal system, adopt it, and those who still fancy the old method keep to it; let all parties call the coins by what names they please, and if new coins should be required as a result of the experiment, let these be issued also, according to public necessity. Under this arrangement I suspect the old system would before long—and without any expression of discontent—be superseded, as the simplicity and convenience of a decimal system, which in multitudes of instances would immediately be adopted, become apparent. Example and use are worth all the argument in the world. By this mode, one of two objections would be at once got rid of—the forcing people—as a consequence of the incommensurability of the two systems—to keep their accounts in a mode which they neither relish nor understand. As for the other, the alteration of the value of certain coins, it is a difficulty that must be met sooner or later, and might, therefore, as well be grappled with at once. It is not a greater inroad on public right than is made every day in many other instances with very scant ceremony, and not half so serious a one as the assimilation of the Irish currency, in which case I well remember that though the hardship (upon the poor especially) might fairly be thought considerable, the agitation the change created was so slight as to be of no public importance. A third objection is hardly worth notice, viz., the adaptation of the prices of goods to the altered value of money, as competition in this would soon effect a perfect adjustment.

I am, &c., D. G.

August 18.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—I. M'C.—C. M.—T. S.—H. J.—W. R.—β.—R. M. H.—AMICUS.—received.

We have to correct typographical errors in the names connected with the Junior Blething Club. Those of "Wharf" "Leigh," "Clarke," and "Oates" should be Whette, Steigh, Clark, and Oakes.

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